



S. Tel Feb 4-1870

3/6^d

No Reprint- instant

60655

V I S I T S
FROM THE
WORLD OF SPIRITS;
OR
INTERESTING ANECDOTES
OF THE
D E A D.

Containing very curious Narratives of the Appearances of many departed Spirits on particular Occasions, to Friends, Relations, &c.

BEING AN
Impartial SURVEY of the most remarkable ACCOUNTS of
APPARITIONS, DREAMS, GHOSTS, SPECTRES,
AND VISIONS.

That have been recorded in several Ages of the
World; together with some ORIGINALS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN INTRODUCTION,
BY THE EDITOR.

L O N D O N :

PROPRIETOR ;

NO. 2, MIDDLE-ROW,
BOOKSELLERS



I N T R O D U C T I O N

BY THE

E D I T O R.

IT has been the general opinion of all nations, even of the most barbarous, that man does not die entirely, but that his better part subsists after the dissolution of the body; and this original notion of the soul's immortality, has induced the most learned and most ancient nations to indulge the belief of the possibility of the visible interference of spirits, upon certain momentous and awful occasions.

There is nothing more commonly talked of than apparitions of departed spirits, of dæmons and ghosts. The reality of these visions passes for certain with a great number of people, while by as great a number they are laughed at, and treated as reveries and idle fears. Several respectable authors having written upon this subject, some of which are expensive and voluminous, it was deemed no unwelcome task to collect and extract from the most learn-

ed and judicious the most remarkable narratives, which prove the reality of these several appearances. We have, therefore, treated the matter with all the precision possible, and but rarely hazarded an opinion upon the matter ourselves. After giving the necessary relation, mostly in the author's own words, and citing his name for the authority, the examination of the matter, and the manner in which they are effected, and upon what principles they may be explained, the Reader is left to judge for himself, whether they are natural or miraculous events.

Our superstitious ancestors may be supposed to have been full as ridiculous, with regard to the belief of ghosts in general, as the present free-thinking age may be thought incredulous, in endeavouring wholly to discredit and explode them. But as men of understanding have certainly lived in all ages, there is as little reason to condemn the former for their credulity, as there is the latter entirely for their unbelief.

It perhaps may be thought better to steer a middle course. That there have been apparitions is beyond all doubt, when we consider that such are recorded in holy writ. It were certainly to be wished, that a line could be drawn between idle delusions (the creatures of a disordered imagination) and real apparitions; for most intelligent persons are well aware, that many things of this kind, which are not real facts, are often related to the discredit and certain confusion of the reporter.

Now

Now to reconcile matters between the two extremes, may by some be thought somewhat difficult; but in order to set such bounds to our enquiries as right reason prescribes, it is our intention in the following sheets to relate nothing but what is upon the surest foundation of credit.

Many persons have been, and still are, very much alarmed at the bare mention of a spirit or apparition; and, in consequence, would not venture a step in the dark, or across a church-yard at midnight, for fear of meeting the awful form of some departed friend. This can be accounted for no otherwise than from the prejudice of education: for our infant ideas of this kind grow up to maturity with our stature, and fix so strong and strange an impression upon our minds, as even in future life to drive reason from her throne.

But the Reader is not wished to presume from hence, or suppose, that there is no certainty of the actual existence of spirits and apparitions; but on the contrary, that we have the best evidence that such have been seen in all ages, according to the testimony of the soberest and wisest of mankind, and doubtless sent by Providence as ministering spirits, to answer some fit decree of his Divine wisdom.

Mr. Addison, in one of his papers, (No. 110.) where the scene is laid in the country, at the house of Sir Roger de Coverley, in Worcestershire, observes, that they are more excuseable who believe in apparitions, than those who reject all extraordinary revelations of this kind, contrary to the reports of all

historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could we not give ourselves up to the general testimony of mankind, we should to the relations of particular persons who are living, and whom we know, and cannot distrust in other matters of fact.

To this testimony may be added, that not only the sacred scriptures and historians, to whom we may join the facts, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain, that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This Mr. Addison thinks very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that ever was started.

He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces, or thin cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen intire when they are separated from it; by which means he pretended to account for the appearance of the shapes of deceased or absent persons.

To Mr. Addison's opinion may be added, that of a great and modern writer. Dr. Ferrier,

rier, in his *Essay on Apparitions*, observes, that the present advanced period of the 18th century has produced a learned, and what is still more, a fashionable theorist in support of this doctrine; and this is no other than the celebrated * *LAVATER* of Zurich. This writer, generally interesting and instructive, often enthusiastic, but always amiable, may possibly give a turn to the fortune of an opinion that many persons are more willing to destroy, than able to confute. He applies this doctrine, in some measure, to the theory of spectral phenomena, which is likewise the doctrine of Fienus, Lord Verulam, Dr. Henry More, and others; but what he thinks of the longing imagination of a sick or dying person, acting upon the mind of an absent friend or relation, will perhaps appear more conspicuous here from his own words.

“ A sick or dying person, or some one who finds himself in imminent danger, sighs after his absent friend, his brother, his wife, or some person, on some account or other, dear to him: these, ignorant of his sickness, or his danger, perhaps do not think of him at this moment; while the former, drawn by the ardour of his imagination, penetrates through all intervening obstacles, traverses space, and at the same time appears in his actual situation. In other words, he gives such signs of his presence as approach to reality. But such an apparition, we can plainly understand, is not

* An author of the same name very early in the last century published a complete treatise on the same subject in Latin, intitled, *De Spectris*,

corporeal ; for the sick or dying person is languishing on his bed, and his friend, it may be, is travelling in full health upon the agitated ocean ; his real presence then becomes impossible. What is it then that produces this species of manifestation ? what is the cause that acts in this distance upon the senses of the one, and upon the visual faculties of the other ? It is the imagination—the imagination, lost and disordered in love, ardency of desire, or, as one may say, concentrated in the focus of passion.”

This hypothesis would explain other pretended appearances ; the effect of an *evil eye*, the operation in the mind of a longing woman, and the success of various magical practices ; but yet it seems not perfectly to reach that of the apparitions of the dead ; for death, it is presumed, terminates all bodily affections, *ultra neque curæ neque gaudis locum*, without having recourse to any other theory.

As for the return of spirits after death, the Scripture supposes it in more places than one ; for instance, when the Witch of Endor raised up Samuel at the desire of Saul, whether Samuel was really raised or not, whether his soul, or only a shadow, or even nothing at all, appeared to the woman, it is still certain, that Saul and his attendants, with the generality of the Hebrews, believed the possibility of the thing itself. When Moses forbids enchanters, observers of times, and other sorts of diviners, he adds, prohibition of necromancy, or consulting the dead, Deut. xviii. 11. In Leviticus xx. 27. and elsewhere also, he mentions the

the frequency of persons that had familiar spirits by necromancy, and other unlawful and superstitious methods.

The book of Job, whose antiquity is supposed by some coeval with Moses himself, is full to the purpose, who had read particularly the thirty-third chapter, where Eliphaz observes, that God oftentimes calls man to repentance by visions and dreams.

If it were necessary, an innumerable collection of quotations might be brought from the books of the Bible to serve the present purpose ; but a few will serve as well as many. When our Saviour walked upon the sea, the apostles cried out for fear, saying, *it is a spirit*. When the rich man desired Abraham to send Lazarus to testify unto his brethren, the fatal situation his imprudence had brought him into, and to warn them, lest *they also should come into that place of torment*, he evidently supposed it possible for the dead to return, and converse with the living. Our Saviour in the Gospel expressly refutes the error of the Sadducees, and proves the existence of the soul after the death of the body. The doubting apostle, St. Thomas, did not hesitate at the possibility of of Christ's second appearance, he only questioned the actual reality of his resurrection in the same body ; and this seems to have been the opinion also of others of his disciples after his resurrection, for they at first supposed that they had seen a spirit ; but Jesus assured them of the contrary, saying, " Behold my hands " and feet ; handle me and feel, for a spirit " hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

In the same manner he convinced his followers of the substantiability of his appearance, appealing to the then prevailing opinion among the Jews. Hence it is plain; that the belief of spiritual communication prevailed in the earliest times; and neither Christ, nor his apostles, nor, after them the fathers of the church, took any pains to destroy or confute the notion. On the contrary, they have supposed, and in some degree authorised them, by their silence, their discourses, and their actions.

These proofs of Scripture are so plain, and we have had so many extraordinary instances to verify it, that we cannot judiciously deny such facts as come to us attested upon the probability of our friends, who relate from their own experience such wonderful instances as might awaken the most unthinking wretch; and who dare deny, but that the all-gracious God, amongst other wise and tender methods which he makes use of to call sinners to himself, may, and often does, make use of this.

Many instances have happened of God's mercy, and more than ordinary occurrence in the conversion of great sinners, from St. Paul down to the facts related by Dr. Doddridge of the late unfortunate Colonel Gardener, than which none can be more strange, sudden, and wonderful, nor more worthy of being credited, as the reverend divine, who relates it, had not the least view or advantage in the publishing it; but through the hopes of its being useful to awaken others as great sinners,

as in the instance of manifest mercy, he himself records of the person whose life he writes.

The reality therefore of the apparitions of angels, dæmons, and departed souls, cannot be denied, without destroying the authority of the Scriptures, which relate and suppose them. However we may be permitted to exercise our reason concerning the manner in which these apparitions were effected: as whether they were real or imaginary; whether they had tangible, palpable, and material, or only subtle and aerial bodies, like condensed vapours, which strike the sense of sight as living persons, speaking, walking, and acting like animated bodies; or whether they were mere phantoms, which imposed upon the senses of men; or whether it was a sort of fascination and illusion wrought upon the spectators, who imagined that they saw, heard, and felt what only existed in their own fancies, as it sometimes happens in sleep, and even when we are awake; our ignorance of natural causes making us take for real, what is only apparent. Thus when a stick is immersed in water, it appears crooked or broken, though there be no change in the stick, but only in the visual rays which transmit the object to the sight; and so, if you hold a candle alight pretty near to a looking-glass, you shall see two flames burning, although there be but one candle in real substance. “Who is there,” says a reverend and learned Author, “that can explain, “satisfactorily, with what bodies angels have “appeared to men, so as not only to be seen, “but even felt? How deceased persons have
A 6 “appeared,

“ appeared, and spoke as persons whom we
 “ see, as in dreams usually do. For it is cer-
 “ tain, that angels have appeared in this man-
 “ ner, though we know they have not mate-
 “ rial bodies. Hence arises a question, which
 “ is very difficult to resolve, and that is, how
 “ the patriarchs could wash their feet, or how
 “ Jacob wrestled with an angel? In both which
 “ cases there must have been a tangible body.”

Disquisitions of this sort, though attended with doubt and difficulty, afford an useful entertainment to the mind, provided we confine ourselves within the bounds of propriety, and do not, like some affected heathen philosophers, unreasonably flatter ourselves with imagining that we really do not really understand. Neither can we discover what necessity there is, to affirm or deny, or pronounce peremptorily concerning these matters, which we cannot without rashness and presumption, and which we may still remain ignorant of, without sin or any other inconvenience.

A little time more, and we shall be removed into that state, the experience of which we cannot know while here upon earth, as those who are gone before us, however willing, are not permitted, upon every frivolous occasion, to revisit their friends, though upon some momentous occasions we know it has happened, which makes Blair, in his Poem of the Grave, say :

Tell us, ye dead, if ye in pity can,
 Beyond this sphere what is the future plan ;
Some

Some courteous ghost, if any such there be,
 Tell us, in after-life, what things ye see ;
 For some of you, we know, in days of old,
 The fatal story to mankind have told ;
 Forewarning them of death—Oh then comply,
 And tell, in charity, what 'tis to die ;—
 But you're withheld, no matter, death must
 call,
 The curtain drop, and time will clear up all.

Without denying, therefore, what is certain, it is our duty to remain in silence, and frankly confess our ignorance of the matter and the manner in which apparitions are effected. It will be said, that this is not resolving the difficulty which surrounds us. This must be owned, our widest researches are generally the most circumscribed, and at the same time we may observe, that God has not permitted us to know more : Whoever attempts to pry too far into the mystery of his works, will be dazzled by the splendour which beams from them. *Scrutator majestatis, opprimetur a gloria.*

The philosophers of the pagan world, who had all derived their religion and knowledge from the theology of the Egyptian and Eastern nations, and the Romans, who borrowed theirs from the Greeks, were all firmly persuaded that the souls of the dead appeared sometimes to the living, and sometimes gave notice of futur events. Homer, the most ancient of all the Greek writers, and their greatest divine, relates several apparitions, not only of good but also of bad men. In the *Odyssæy* he introduces

troduces Ulysses consulting Tyresius, in order to call up the souls of deceased persons to know the result of future events. Lucan, in the sixth book of his Phasalia, introduces Pompey consulting a sorceress, and requiring her to call up a departed soul, that he might learn his future fortune. Retiring upwards, and nearer to more modern times, we find a similar opinion received among the Northern nations. It was a prevailing persuasion among them, that apparitions were the souls of persons lately deceased, and the way to prevent their appearing any more was, either to behead, or burn the body; as is still the custom in the north of Europe, where vampirism is the prevailing opinion.

Whether it is gross material bodies we are apt to see when we behold apparitions, or only a subtile aerial fluid which acts upon the visual faculty, and forms a *deceptio visus*, is a question I believe easily answered. A certain proof that the uncommon appearances of the sort, mentioned in Scripture, did not appear, at least in common with such, is, that they were only seen by those for whom God intended them. The angel which Moses saw and conversed with, and from whom he received the law in Horeb, was seen by him only. The angel which conducted the Israelites through the desert, was only seen by Moses. It appears likewise, that the angel, which was seen by Balaam's ass, was not at first perceived by the prophet. The voice which was heard by Samuel, was not heard by the high-priest Eli, though he lay so near,
that

that the young prophet imagined it was Eli himself that called him.

When the angel Gabriel was sent to reveal to Daniel the succession of the four great empires, he was seen by the prophet only. When the angel appeared to St. Paul on his journey to Damascus, St. Luke observes, that the men which travelled with him heard a voice, but saw nothing. The angel which came down and troubled the water of the pool of Bethesda was not visible to all the people at once, but they concluded he was come down, when they saw the water in motion; and then every one made haste to step in, or get themselves put in by others.

It is the common opinion of the Turks and Persians, that near the close of life, every person has some sort of extraordinary revelation of that event. Even the most ancient of their writings prove this. Herbelot, in his oriental library relates, the Sultan Moctandi Bemvilla, as he rose one day from table, said to one of his wives who was present, who are these people that are come in here without leave? Upon looking round, she could see no one, but observed that he grew pale, and immediately fell down dead. The Mahometan writings are full of stories, which shew that the doctrine of spirits has, from the earliest times, prevailed amongst them.

Writers of the first credit, who relate the discoveries of mines and metals, all agree in this, that in the bottom of the deepest mines, it is a common thing for spirits to appear in the habit of miners, running up and down very offi-

officially, as if they were busy at work ; digging for the ore, laying it up in heaps, drawing it out of the mine, turning the cranswheel, and in short, seeming to be deeply employed in assisting the workmen, without doing any thing really all the while. This business is very aptly represented in a print prefixed to the quarto edition of the remains of the ever memorable John Hales.

Groogius Agricola, in his treatise upon metals and the art of mining, dissertates a long while upon this subject, and distinguishes the spirits, which appear in mines and hollows of mountains, into three sorts. Some of them, he says, are deformed and little, like dwarfs ; others appear like old men, bent with age, and in the habit of miners, with their shirts tucked up, and a piece of leather tied round their waists, all seeming very busy, but really doing nothing else but frightening the workmen. He goes on to relate, that the valuable mine at Anneberg, called the *crown of roses*, was entirely deserted, and remained many years unwrought from this only cause ; and Olaus Magnus, another writer upon this subject, says, that he has known many a rich mine entirely deserted for fear of this extraordinary visitation.

It is observed, that in all countries superstition keeps pace with ignorance ; and that the power of the devil is always greatest, when people are most immersed in vice and error. Accordingly the first discoverers of the Western world were often witnesses of something very extraordinary in those parts of their earliest

liest discoveries. Olaus Magnus, the last mentioned author, who was Archbishop of Upsal, in his work upon the antiquity of the Northern nations, observes, that in Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Lapland, there are frequently seen spirits, or spectres, who are very troublesome to such as are there indued with what, with us, goes by the name of the second sight.

Even to this present time, the Laplanders, both such as profess christianity, and such as continue in idolatry, have a strong belief in apparitions of departed souls, and seem to shew, in their opinion upon this subject, all that might be expected from the utmost extravagance of the prejudice of education. They suppose these spectres to be the manes or spirits of their departed relations, and suppose that their usual haunts are about rocks, mountains, woods, and wild places, just as the Romans paid honours to the fawns and wood deities. In short, the opinion of spirits returning again has the most respectable authors for vouchers. Plutarch, Plato, Socrates, and the best Greek writers are full of the tradition concerning deceased persons coming again. It appears to have prevailed amongst the ancient Jews and Romans. It has got footing in the East; the Northern parts of Europe are ting'd with the opinion, and more than the shadow of it is in modern Europe to this day.

People, whose fancies are full of the marvellous, are always ready to frighten others with some dreadful tale, which, perhaps, they have related till they actually believe it themselves,

selves, take the alarm from the most common and innocent circumstance in the world. Among other incidents to which the decay of timber in building is liable to, nothing is more usual than to hear from rotten wood what is vulgarly called the death-watch, and is generally believed wherever it is heard, to foretell the death of some of the family ; while nothing can be more ridiculous than such weak conceits and causeless fears. What has obtained the name of the death-watch is a little animal, about two lines and a half long, understanding a line to be the $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch. It appears, when viewed through a microscope, of a dark colour and spotted. This little animal is generally found in the hollow of wrotten wood, where it can make a ticking, which it performs like a watch, but somewhat louder and quicker.

The philosophical transactions for the year 1698, p. 376, record a remarkable instance of this kind. Sometimes it happens that a spider and a fly in the web make a similar noise, and from the difficulty of discovering the reality of the cause, some persons governed by common report, have fancied this extraordinary noise a solemn admonition and warning of some spirit, to warn and prepare some one for another state.

Hence people, fond of the marvellous, fill their neighbour's ears with wonders and prodigies, as if providence capriciously warned in common the generality of mankind ; for there are few, but in their lives must, at one time or other, have heard the *death-watch*. It is all
one,

one, says Tillotson, to a good man, whether he has a summons or not, for he is always ready either with or without it.

There are many who, in the catalogue of spirits, rank those meteors, or *ignis fatui*, which are frequently seen in meadows, upon marsh lands, rivers, and in church yards, because they seem generally to pursue those that endeavour to run away from them, though sometimes they are known to be stationary, or to retire from travellers; but the Welch lights, of which we have given an account from Mr. Baxter and others, are a very different and more wonderful phenomena.

The fire also affords a kind of divination to some; they see swords, guns, castles, churches, prisons, coffins, wedding rings, sacks of money, men and women, or whatever they either fear or wish, plainly depicted in the glowing coals.

But leaving these fanciful persons to illusions and the terrors of their own imaginations: if we examine the matter of apparitions by the light of reason, we cannot deny the intire possibility of such appearances, without giving up the very fundamental articles of our Christianity. The same Almighty Power which has created myrriads of spirits, can undoubtedly, at his pleasure, appoint a partial and less glorified one to perform a part, the purpose of which is not perhaps within the ken of the short sightedness of man.

Man was not made to question but adore.

How

How is it possible, that a finite understanding should be able to comprehend all the designs of infinite wisdom? Those things may appear to God to be of the utmost importance, which to us, who see but in part, may seem to be of no moment at all. We cannot do better in such cases, than to follow the rule laid down by Dr. Parnel. in that most admirable poem, *The Hermit*:

“ ——— Believe th’ Almighty just,
 “ And when thou can’t unriddle, learn to
 trust.”

It is the constant and invariable conduct of Divine Providence, to suffer the clearest truths to be attended with some obscurity, therefore we cannot be surpris’d at finding this subject involved in doubt and contradiction, nor at meeting with some circumstances which can be attributed only to the illusions to which the imperfect organs of our senses are subject to; for it must be owned, that an imagination, strongly possess’d with prejudices, or a weak, credulous, and fearful mind, is capable of forming many a chymical notion, and imagining that they see and hear what in reality has no existence. Therefore it is of great consequence to religion and truth to separate such from one another, that the weak may not be misled by their own prejudices, or the dexterity of the artful in weakening the credit of unquestionable truths, and attributing to the devil the glorious and undoubted works of God.

Upon

Upon the whole, from what has been said before, and what is hereafter related upon this head, we may conclude :

That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls, are sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that these apparitions are not only possible, but real and actual, founded upon the authority of Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, upon the testimony of authors of credit, Greek, Latin, Christian and Heathen, ancient and modern. Philosophers, divines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living tradition assert the facts, therefore, notwithstanding from the want of experience in ourselves, so much is due to the probity of others, that we may give our assent to the relations of others, while they coincide with reason and religion.

Hence we find that the soul is immortal, and that there is a future state, with punishments for the wicked, and rewards for the good, and that nothing defiled shall enter into the kingdom of God. That there are good angels, which incline us to good ; and evil spirits, which tempt us to irreligion and wicked practices : and these are the principal points on which the ensuing sheets are compiled upon.

We may also confirm ourselves in this great truth, that spiritual beings, as well as departed souls, as angels and dæmons, are invested by the Supreme Being, the creator and preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.

The

• The conclusion is confirmed by the following variety of facts, collected from the most respectable authority and scrupulous veracity, founded upon that persuasion of St. Paul, that the air is full of spirits, called by him the *princes of the power of the air*, and *rulers of the darkness of this world*, the head of whom is stiled in the Gospel the *Prince of this World*. We may farther learn, that the power of these spirits would be much more extensive than it is, if it were not limited by the power of him who has said, *thus far shalt thou go, and no farther*; and the mercy of Jesus Christ, who assures us in his Gospel, that he has overcome Satan, and made him fall from heaven, and commands us perpetually to pray, that we may resist temptation, and be secure from the malice of the Devil, who, in the Apostle's phrase, *like a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom to devour*, if we give him any opportunity of doing it by our own negligence and presumption, in exposing ourselves needlessly to the danger of his temptations.



V I S I T S

FROM THE

WORLD of SPIRITS;

OR,

GENUINE ANECDOTES

OF THE

D E A D.

B O O K I.

SHEWING FROM GOOD AUTHORITIES, AND BY MANY WELL-ATTESTED RELATIONS, THAT THE SOUL'S ACTIVE POWER AND OPERATIONS REMAIN IN EXERCISE AFTER IT HATH QUITTED THE BODY; AND THOUGH IT IS SAID, "THE SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS ENTER INTO REST," YET IT IS PLAIN, THAT THE SOULS OF MEN, OR OTHER UNEMBODIED SPIRITS, ARE FREQUENTLY EMPLOYED TO ALARM AND WARN US AGAINST DEATH, OR OTHER THREATENED OR APPROACHING DANGER, EITHER BY REAL APPEARANCES, OR BY DREAMS OR VISIONS, AND SOMETIMES BY STRONG IMPRESSIONS UPON THE MIND AND SPIRITS, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING RELATIONS.

C H A P. I.

Apparition of the Duchefs of Mazarine to Madam de Beauclair. Remarkable one at Rochester, related in Mr. Baxter's works. Appearance of a Lady to her friend, to forewarn her of her approaching diffolution. Dr. Donne's wife to him in Paris, with reflections from Mr. Flavel.

The Appearance of the Dutcheſs of Mazarine, Miſtreſs to King Charles the II. to Madam De Beauclair, Miſtreſs to King James II.

(FROM THE FEMALE SPECTATOR.)

THE author of the following narrative which was published ſome years ago, ſolemnly declared he was perfectly convinced of the truth of it; as well as ſeveral other perſons of undoubted credit.

'Tis well known to moſt people acquainted with the Engliſh hiſtory, that the celebrated Duchefs of Mazarine was miſtreſs to King Charles II. Mr. Waller particularly takes notice of her, as one of the favourites of that Monarch in the following lines.

“ When

“ When thro’ the world fair Mazarine had run,
 “ Bright as her fellow traveller the sun,
 “ Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,
 “ As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.”

Madam De Beauclair, was a Lady equally admired and beloved by his brother and successor James the II. Between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same situation.

But the singularity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both lost their Royal Lovers, the one by death, the other by abdication. They were both women of excellent understandings, had enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were arrived at an age, in which they might be supposed to despise all its pomps and vanities. I shall without any further introduction, give the whole of the relation, in the author’s own words, who declared himself to be an eye witness of the truth of it.

“ After the burning of Whitehall, these two ladies were allotted very handsome apartments in the stable-yard, St. James’s; but the face of public affairs being then wholly changed, and a new set of courtiers as well as rules of behaviour come into vogue, they conversed almost only with each other.

About this time it was that Reason first began to oppose itself to Faith, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and though I cannot say that

either of them were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both, as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them, that on which ever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of.—This promise is seems was often repeated, and the Duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoke before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

Some years after the Duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth; which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come: To which she answered, that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract

contract made between her and her dear departed friend the Duchefs of Mazarine.

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially, when they were of a nature, repugnant to the divine Will.—Which, said I, *has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be inheritors of hereafter.* Therefore, added I, *her grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet may be denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all.*

Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my great concern, that she was become as great an advocate for the new doctrine of non existence after death, as any of those who first proposed it; on which, from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

It was not however many months after we had this conversation, that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom, since the death of the Duchefs of Mazarine, Madam de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just sat down to cards about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with, that Madam de Beauclair had sent to intreat she would come that moment to her; adding, that

if she ever desired to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might very well surprize the person to whom it was delivered; and not knowing what to think of it, she asked, Who brought it? And being told it was Madam de Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him, if his lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her which should occasion this hasty summons? To which he answered, that he was intirely incapable of telling her the meaning; only as to his lady's health, he never saw nor heard her complain of any indisposition.

"Well, then," said the lady, (a little out of humour) "I desire you'll make my excuse, as I have really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may increase it, but to-morrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the morning."

The man being gone, we were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madam de Beauclair, but before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seemingly very much confused and out of breath.

"O, madam," cried she, "my lady expresses an infinite concern that you should refuse this request, which she says will be her last. She says that she is convinced of her not being in a condition to receive your visit to-morrow; but as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket containing her watch, necklace, and some jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her.

These

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The Lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair: but she evaded it by saying, she had left only an undermaid with Madam de Beauclair, and must return immediately; on which the Lady cry'd, all at once, "I will go with you, there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant, but as no mention was made of me, nor Madam de Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with the lady when her servant came; good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was however no sooner informed I was there than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair near her bed-side, and in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been.

On our enquiring if she felt any inward disorder which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; yet, said she, with a little sigh, you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted, but am now assured of.

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject.

I told her, I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments; but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal: which she only answered with a gloomy smile; and a clergyman of her own persuasion whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburthened her conscience, to be more chearful than before; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon vivacity; and she told us, she should die with the more satisfaction, as she enjoyed, in her last moments, the presence of two persons the most agreeable to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one, who, in life, had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that—my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion.—Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear Duchefs of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered, but turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living;—fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance; she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk;—then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, Beauclair, said she, be-
tween

tween the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.—The surprize I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit; but on the opening of my lips, for that purpose, she vanished from my sight I know not how.

The clock was now very near striking twelve; and as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution; but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cry'd out, "O! I am sick at heart!" Mrs. Ward, who all this while had stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops, but to no effect; she grew still worse; and in about half an hour expired, it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well as to prove I could not be deceived in it, as to shew that Madam de Beauclair was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see any thing supernatural. I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy leave ideas behind them, which, in our riper years, are apt to make us fanciful; but in the case I have mentioned there could be nothing of all this; the Lady you may perceive was so far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of that nature, that, on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have been convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

It must be confessed, such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements, as were made between these ladies, as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, who is well assured of the truth of such an incident, ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which of consequence our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us."

*Letter from Mr. Thomas Tilson, Minister of Aylesworth, in Kent, concerning an Apparition seen in Rochester, written to Mr. Baxter.**

Rev. Sir.

Being informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom, though a stranger, to send you this following relation.

Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house at West-Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own: there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The

* Certainty of the World of Spirits.

The day before her departure, she grew impatiently desirous to see her two children, whom she had left at home, to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home, and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of her bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she intreated them however to try : *If I cannot sit, said she, I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babes.*

A minister who lives in the town, was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die : *but, said she, it is my misery that I cannot see my children.*

Between one and two o'clock in the morning she fell into a trance. One Widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says, that her eyes were open, and fixed, and her jaw fallen : she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could perceive no breath ; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead.

The next day, this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children. *That is impossible, said the mother, for you have been here in bed all the while.* Yes, replied the other, *but I was with them last night, when I was asleep.*

The nurse at Rochester, Widow Alexander by name, affirms, and says, she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning, she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber, (where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, the door being

left open,) and stood by her bed-side for about a quarter of an hour; the younger child was there lying by her; her eyes moved, and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse moreover says, that she was perfectly awake; it was then day-light, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in her bed, and looked steadfastly upon the apparition; in that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and a while after said, *In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?* Thereupon the appearance removed, and went away; she slipped on her cloaths and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors, and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise: at six she went again, then they arose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed: they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt: but she confidently affirmed, *If ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night.*

One of those to whom she made the relation Mary, (the wife of J. Sweet) had a messenger who came from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak with her; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourse, related to her how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs. Sweet's mind, what the nurse had told her that morning, for till then, she had not thought fit to mention it,
but

but disguised it, rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this, I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, next day after the burial: July 2, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after, I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her that last night: they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the others testimony:

They all appear to be sober intelligent persons, far enough off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie, and what temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive.

Your most faithful friend and humble servant,
THOMAS TILSON.

*Minister of Aylesford, near
 Maidstone in Kent.*

Mr. Aubrey recites in his Miscellanies, the following awful admonition of a departed friend, to one yet in this world. His words are:

—— “ Two persons (ladies) of fortune, both not being long since deceased, were intimate acquaintance, and loved each other sincerely. It so fell out, that one of them fell sick of the small-pox, and desired mightily to see the other, who would not come, fearing the catching the distemper; the afflicted lady at last died of them. She
 had

had not been buried long, before she appeared at the other's house in the dress of a widow, and asked for her friend, who was then at cards; she sends down her woman to know her business, the answer was that, she must impart it to none but her lady, who, after she had received this message bid her woman introduce her into a room, and desire her to stay till the game was done, and she would then wait on her. The game being finished, down stairs she goes to the apparition, to know her business, "Madam," (says the ghost, turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the small-pox) "You know very well, that you
 " and I loved entirely. Though I took it very ill
 " of you, that you was not so kind as to come and
 " see me, yet I could not rest till I had seen you.
 " Believe me, my dear, I am not come to fright
 " you; but only out of regard to your eternal
 " happiness to forewarn you of your approaching
 " end, which I am sorry to say will be very mi-
 " serable, if you do not prepare for it, for there
 " is a righteous God above, and you know you
 " have led a very unthinking giddy life this many
 " years. I cannot stay, I am going—my time is
 " just spent—prepare to die; and remember this,
 " that when you make the thirtieth at a ball, you
 " have but a few days to live." She then vanished. To conclude, she was at a ball where she made the thirtieth in number; and was afterwards asked by the brother of the deceased, whether his sister did appear to her as was reported; she made him no answer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after."

The solemnity of a visit from the dead is yet heightened by coming at a time of festivity, when the heart is glad, and there is no room in the mind
 for

for serious reflection. How seriously we should esteem friendship and a solemn promise !

*A remarkable narrative related of Dr. Donne, by
Mr. Isaac Walton.*

The Doctor and his wife, then living with Sir Robert Drury, who gave them a free entertainment at his house in Drury-lane. It happened that the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent on an embassy to the French king, Henry the IVth, whom Sir Robert was to accompany thither, and had engaged Dr. Donne also to go with them, whose wife remained pregnant in Sir Robert's house. Two days after they had arrived at Paris, Dr. Donne happened to be left alone in the room, where they had all dined; but in about half an hour, Sir Robert returned again; and as he left so he found the Doctor alone, but with such a sad countenance as much amazed him, insomuch that he earnestly desired the Doctor to declare to him what had befallen him in this short time of his absence? To which the Doctor was not presently able to make any answer; "Since you left me," says he, "I have seen a frightful vision, for I have seen my dear wife pass by me in the room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since you left me." To which Sir Robert replied: "Surely, sir, you have slept since I left you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I would have you forget, for you are now awake." To which Dr. Donne replied, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that

that I have not slept, and also that I have seen my wife, and that she stopped short, looked me in the face, and then vanished away." This he affirmed the next day with more confidence, which inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that there might be some truth in it. Sir Robert then immediately dispatched a servant home to Drury-house, with a charge also to hasten back as soon as possible, and to bring word whether Mrs. Donne was alive or dead; if alive, in what condition as to her health, &c. On the twelfth day the messenger returned with this account of Mrs. Donne, viz. that he both found and left her very bad and sick in bed, and that after a long and painful labour, she had been delivered of a dead child; and upon examination, it proved that the delivery had been on that very day Mr. Donne saw her apparition in his chamber. Mr. Walton adds, "This is a relation that will doubtless beget wonder in the minds of many in the world, who would be persuaded that visions and miracles have long since ceased; yet with myself and many others, it has appeared as a matter of fact."

Mr. Flavel observes, with great propriety, that the many objections against, and disbelief of mankind, concerning apparitions and spirits, yea, and of angels too, making their visible appearances to mankind, are chiefly to be found amongst the weak, the fearful, and the profane, who, were their eyes not obscured by this veil of flesh, would see great numbers of angels and disembodied spirits traversing this terrestrial globe; most of which are commissioned by the great Governor of the universe to perform the most friendly and benevolent offices to mankind. How often did Christ himself appear to his disconsolate disciples, after his

his resurrection, to warn, comfort, and teach them many things which they were then ignorant of. Mr. Baxter likewise confesses that his having found so much evidence in scripture, that angels and disembodied spirits hold converse with the inhabitants of this lower world, has proved a subordinate help to his belief of enjoying a happy immortality with Christ after the death of the body. Our sublime poet, Milton, is also of the same sentiment, affirming, that

Millions of spirits walk the world unseen,
Both when we wake, and when we sleep;
These execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.



C H A P. II.

The apparition of a gentleman, to the Rev. and learned Dr. Scott, on account of an original deed belonging to his grandson's estate. Two remarkable relations of the return of deceased persons, to their companions after death, by agreement. Extraordinary appearance of old Sir George Villiers, to Mr. Parker, an officer in the king's wardrobe, in Windsor-Castle.

The apparition of a gentleman to the late Rev. and learned Dr. Scott, on account of an original deed belonging to his grandson's estate.

THE doctor was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or in his parlour, in Broad-street, where he lived, and reading a book, his door being fast shut and locked; he was well assured there was nobody in the room but himself, when accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceedingly surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair at the other side of the fire place or chimney, an ancient grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and looking with a pleasing countenance towards the doctor as if just going to speak.

The

The doctor, as we may reasonably suppose, was greatly surprised at the sight of him, and indeed the seeing him as sitting in the chair was the most likely to be surprising; because the doctor knowing the door to be locked, and then seeing a man sitting in the chair, he must immediately and at first sight conclude him to be a spirit, or apparition, or devil, call it as you will. Had he seen him come in at the door, he might at first have supposed him to be really a gentleman come to speak with him, and might think he had omitted fastening the door, as he intended to have done.

The doctor appeared in great disorder at the sight, as he acknowledged to those whom he told the story, and from whom (says my author) I received this account, with very little remove of hands between.

The spectre it seems began, for the doctor had not courage at first, as he said, to speak to it; I say the spectre or apparition spoke first, and desired the doctor not to be frightened, nor to be surprised, for that he would not do him any hurt; but that he came to him upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, which was in great danger of being ruined; and though he, (the doctor) was a stranger to the family, yet knowing him to be a man of integrity, he had pitched upon him to do an act of very great charity, as well as justice; and that he could depend upon him for a punctual performance.

The doctor was not at first composed enough to receive the introduction of the business with a due attention, but seemed rather inclined to get out of the room if he could, and once or twice made some attempt to knock for some of the family to
come

come up, at which the apparition appeared a little displeased.

But it seems he need not; for, as the doctor said, he had no power to go out of the room if he had been next the door, or to knock for help if any had been at hand.

But here the apparition seeing the doctor still in confusion, desired him again to compose himself, for he would not do him the least injury, or offer any thing to make him uneasy; but desired that he would give him leave to deliver the business he came about, which when he had heard, perhaps he would see less cause to be surpris'd or apprehensive than he did now.

By this time, and by the calm way of discourse above mentioned, the doctor recovered himself so much, though not with any kind of composure, as to speak.

In the name of God, says the doctor, what art thou?

I desired you would not be frightened, says the apparition to him again; I am a stranger to you, and if I tell you my name, you do not know it, but you may do the business without enquiring.

The doctor continued discomposed and uneasy, and said nothing for some time.

The apparition spoke again to him not to be surpris'd, and received only for answer the old ignorant question.

In the name of God, who art thou?

Upon this, the spectre seemed displeased, as if the doctor had not treated him with respect: and expostulated a little with him, telling him he could have terrified him into a compliance, but he chose to come calmly and quietly to him; and used some other

other discourses, so civil and obliging, that by this time he began to be a little more familiar, and at length the doctor asked,

What is it you would have with me?

At this, the apparition, as if gratified with the question, began his story thus:

I lived in the county of Somerset, where I left a very good estate, which my grandson enjoys at this time. But he is sued for the possession by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother.

Here he gave his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the names of his two nephews; but I am not allowed to publish the names in this relation, nor might it be proper for many reasons.

The doctor then interrupted, and asked him how long the grandson had been in possession of the estate; which he told him was seven years, intimating that he had been so long dead.

Then he went on, and told him, that his nephews would be too hard for his grandson in the suit, and would deprive him of the mansion-house and estate; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined, and his family reduced.

Still the doctor could not see into the matter, or what he could do to remedy the evil that threatened the family, and therefore asked him some questions, for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at first.

Says the doctor, and what am I able to do in it, if the law be against him?

Why, says the spectre, it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of settlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance,
is

is lost: and for want of that deed they will not be able to make out their title to the estate.

Well, says the doctor, and still what can I do in the case?

Why, says the spectre, if you will go down to my grandson's house, and take such persons with you as you can trust, I will give you such instructions as that you shall find out the deed or settlement, which lies concealed in a place where I put it with my own hands, and where you shall direct my grandson to take it out in your presence.

But why then can you not direct your grandson himself to do this? says the doctor.

Ask me not about that, says the apparition, there are divers reasons which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your honesty in it, in the mean time, and you may so dispose of matters that you shall have your expences paid you, and be handsomely allowed for your trouble.

After this discourse, and several other expostulations, (for the doctor was not easily prevailed upon to go, till the spectre seemed to look angrily, and even to threaten him for refusing,) he did at last promise to go.

Having obtained a promise of him, he told him he might let his grandson know that he had formerly conversed with his grandfather, (but not how lately, or in what manner,) and ask to see the house; and that in such an upper room, or loft, he should see a deal of old lumber, old coffers, old chests, and such things as were out of fashion now, thrown by, and piled up upon one another, to make room for fashionable furniture, cabinets, chests of drawers, and the like.

That, in such a particular corner, was such a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it,

it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock, or pulled out.

In that chest, says he, and in that place, lies the grand deed or charter of the estate, which conveys the inheritance, and without which the family will be turned out of doors.

After this discourse, the doctor promised to go down into the country and dispatch this important commission : The apparition putting on a very pleasant and smiling aspect, thanked him, and disappeared.

After some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went down accordingly into Somersetshire, and finding the gentleman's house very readily, by the direction, knocked at the door, and asked if he was at home ; and after being told he was, and the servants informing their master it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteously invited him in.

After the doctor had been there some time, he observed the gentleman received him with unexpected civility, though a stranger, and without business. They entered upon many friendly discourses, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family, (as so indeed he had) and of his grandfather ; from whom, sir, says he, I perceive the estate more immediately descends to yourself.

Aye, says the gentleman, and shook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things so confused, that for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of cousins, my grandfather's brother's children who have put me to very great expences about it.

it. And with that the doctor seemed a little inquisitive:

But I hope you have got over it, sir? says he.

No truly, says the gentleman, to be so open with you, we shall never get quite over it, unless we can find this old deed: which, however, I hope we shall find, for I intend to make a general search after it.

I wish with all my heart you may find it, sir, says the doctor.

I don't doubt but we shall; I had a strange dream about it last night, says the gentleman.

A dream about the writing! says the doctor, I hope it was that you should find it then.

I dreamed, says the other, that a strange gentleman came to me, that I had never seen in my life, and helped me to look for it. I don't know but you are the man.

I should be very glad to be the man, I'm sure, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, you may be the man to help me to look after it.

Aye, sir, says the doctor, I may help you to look after it indeed, and I'll do that with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that should help you to find it: Pray when do you intend to search?

To-morrow, says the gentleman, I have appointed to do it.

But, says the doctor, in what manner do you intend to search?

Why, replies the gentleman, 'tis all our opinions that my grandfather was so very much concerned to preserve this writing, and had so much jealousy that some that were about him would take it from him if they could, that he hid it in some secret place;

place; and I am resolved to pull half the house down but I'll find it, if it is above ground.

Truly, says the doctor, he may have hid it, so that you may pull the whole house down before you find it, and perhaps not then. I have known such things utterly lost by the very care taken to preserve them.

If it was made of something the fire would not destroy, says the gentleman, I would burn the house down, but I would find it.

I suppose you have searched all the old gentleman's chests and trunks and coffers over and over; says the doctor.

Ay, says the gentleman, and turned them all inside outward, and there they lay in a heap up in a great loft, or garret, with nothing in them; nay, we knocked three or four of them in pieces to search for private drawers, and then I burnt them for anger, though they were fine old cypress chests that cost money enough when they were in fashion.

I am sorry you burnt them, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, I did not burn a scrap of them till they were all split to pieces, and it was not possible there could be any thing there.

This made the doctor a little easy, for he began to be surprised when he told him he had split some of them and burnt them.

Well, says the doctor, if I cannot do you any service in your search, I'll come to see you again to-morrow, and wait upon you during it with my best good wishes.

Nay, says the gentleman, I don't design to part with you, since you are so kind to offer me your help; you shall stay all night then, and be at the first of it.

The doctor had now gained his point so far as to make himself acquainted and desirable in the house, and to have a kind of intimacy; so that though he made as if he would go, he did not want many intreaties to make him stay; therefore he consented to lay in the house all night.

A little before evening, the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park; but he put it off with a jest, I had rather, sir, said he, smiling, you'd let me see this fine old mansion house, that is to be demolished to-morrow; methinks I'd fain see the house once, before you pull it down.

With all my heart, says the gentleman. So he took him immediately up stairs, shewed him all the best apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures; and coming to the head of the stair-case where they came up, offered to go down again.

But, sir, says the doctor, shall we not go up higher?

There is nothing there, says he, but garrets and old lofts full of rubbish, and a place to go out in the turret, and the clock house.

O, let me see it all, now we are going, says the doctor, I love to see the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our ancestors, though they are out of fashion now: pray let us see all now.

Why, 'twill tire you, says the gentleman.

No, no, says the doctor, if it don't tire you that have seen it so often, it won't tire me, I assure you; pray let us go up. So away the gentleman goes, and the doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of this large house, I need not describe, he passed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in
it

it a great deal of lumber.—And what place is this, pray? says the doctor, but not offering to go in.

O! that's the room, says the gentleman, softly, because there was a servant attending them, that's the room I told you of, where all the rubbish lay, the chests, coffers, and trunks; look there, see how they are piled up one upon another almost to the ceiling.

With this the doctor goes and looks about him; for this was the place he was directed to, and which he went to see. He was not in the room two minutes but he found every thing just as the spectre in London had described; he went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixed his eye upon the very chest with the old rusty lock upon it, with the key in it, which would neither turn round or come out.

On my word, sir, says the doctor, you have taken pains enough, if you have rumaged all these drawers, chests and coffers, and every thing that may have been in them.

Indeed, sir, says the gentleman, I have emptied every one of them myself, and looked over all the old musty writings one by one; with some help indeed: but they every one passed through my hand, and under my eye.

Well, sir, says the doctor, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great consequence to you; I have a strange fancy come into my head this very moment; will you gratify my curiosity with opening and emptying one small chest or coffer that I have cast my eye upon? There may be nothing in it; you are satisfied, I believe that I was never here before, yet I have a strange notion there are some private places in

it, which you have not found—perhaps there may be nothing in them when they are found.

The gentleman looking at the chest, said, smiling, I remember opening it very well; and turning to his servant, Will, says he, don't you remember that chest? yes, sir, says Will, very well, I remember you were so weary you sat down upon the chest when every thing was out of it; you clapped down the lid, and sat down, and sent me to my lady to bring you a dram of citron; you said you was ready to faint.

Well, sir, 'tis only a fancy of mine, and very likely to have nothing in it.

No matter for that, says the gentleman, you shall see it turn'd bottom up again before your face, and so you shall all the rest, if you do but speak the word.

Well, sir, says the doctor, if you will oblige me with this one I will trouble you no farther.

Immediately the gentleman causes the coffer to be dragged out and opened; for it could not be locked, the key would neither lock it nor unlock it. When the papers were all out, the doctor turning his face another way, as if he would look among the papers, but taking little or no notice of the chest, flooped down, and as if supporting himself with his cane, strikes his cane into the chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake, and turning to the chest, he claps the lid of it down, and sits down upon it, as if he was weary too.

However he takes an opportunity to speak to the gentleman softly, to send away his man, a moment; for I would speak a word or two with you, sir, says he, out of his hearing; and then re-

collecting

collecting himself, continued aloud, cannot you send for a hammer and a chisel?

Yes, sir, says the gentleman; go Will, fetch a hammer and chisel.

As soon as Will was gone, Now, sir, says he, let me say a bold word to you, I have found your writing; I have found your grand deed of settlement; I'll lay you a hundred guineas I have it in this coffer.

The gentleman takes up the lid again, handles the chest, looks over every part of it; but could see nothing; he is confounded and amazed! What do you mean; says he, to the doctor, you have no unusual art I hope, no conjuring in hand, here is nothing but an empty coffer.

Not I, upon my word, says the doctor, I am no magician, no cunning man, I abhor it; but I tell you again the writing is in this coffer.

The gentleman knocks, and calls as if he was frightened, for his man with the hammer, but the doctor sat composed again upon the lid of the coffer.

At last up comes the man with the hammer and chisel, and the doctor goes to work with the chest, knocks upon the flat of the bottom: hark! says he, don't you hear it, sir? don't you hear it plainly?

Hear what? says the gentleman; I don't understand you, indeed.

Why the chest has a double bottom, sir, a false bottom, says the doctor; don't you hear it sound hollow?

In a word, they immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of

the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.

It is impossible for me to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman, and soon after of the whole family; for the gentleman sent for his lady, and two of his daughters, up into the garret among all the rubbish, to see not the writing only, but the place where it was found and the manner how.

You may easily suppose the doctor was caressed with uncommon civilities in the family, and sent up (after about a week's stay) in the gentleman's own coach to London. I do not remember whether he disclosed the secret to the gentleman or no; I mean the secret of the apparition, by which the place where the writing was to be found was discovered to him, and who obliged him to come down on purpose to find it; I say, I do not remember that part, neither is it material. As far as I have had the story related, so far I have handed it forward; and I have the truth of it affirmed in such a manner that I cannot doubt it.

Mr. James Douck's account of the apparition of Major Sydenham, to Capt. William Dyke. Taken from Mr. Aubrey's miscellanies.

Concerning the apparition of the ghost of Major George Sydenham, (late of Dulverton, in the county of Somerset) to Capt. William Dyke, (late of Skilgate in the same county, and now likewise deceased) be pleased to take the relation of it as I have it from the worthy and learned Dr. Tho. Dyke, a near kinsman of the captain's, thus.

Shortly

Shortly after the Major's death, the doctor was desired to come to the house to take care of a child that was there sick, and in his way thither he called on the captain, who was very willing to attend him to the place; because he must, as he said, have gone thither that night, though he had not met with such an encouraging opportunity. After their arrival at the house, and the civility of the people shewn them in their entertainment, they were seasonably conducted to their lodging, which they desired might be together in the same bed; where, after they had lain a while, the captain knocked, and bid the servant bring him two of the largest candles lighted that he could possibly get. Whereupon the doctor enquired what he meant by this? The captain answered, you know cousin, what disputes my major and I have had touching the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul. In which points we never could be yet resolved, though we so much sought for and desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, that he of us that died first should the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the little house that is here in the garden, and there give a full account to the survivor touching these matters, who should be sure to be present at the set time, and so receive a full satisfaction. And this, said the captain, is the very night, and I am come on purpose to fulfil my promise. The doctor dissuaded him, reminding him of the danger of following those strange counsels, for which we could have no warrant, and that the devil might by some cunning device make such an advantage of this rash attempt, as would work his utter ruin. The captain replied, that he

had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him: and added, That if the doctor would sit up a while with him, he would thank him---if not, he might compose himself to rest; but for his own part he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed. To that purpose he set his watch by him, and as soon as he perceived by it that it was half an hour past eleven, he rose, and took a candle in each hand, went out by the back door, of which he had before gotten the key, and walked to the garden-house, where he continued two hours and a half, and at his return declared that he had neither seen nor heard any thing more than what was usual. But I know, said he, that my major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six weeks, after the captain rode to Eaton, to place his son a scholar there, when the doctor went thither with him. They lodged at an inn, the sign was the Christopher, and tarried two or three nights, not lying together now as before at Dulverton, but in two several chambers.

The morning before they went thence, the captain stayed in his chamber longer than he was wont to do, before he called upon the doctor. At length he came into the doctor's chamber, but in a visage and form much differing from himself, with his hair standing upright and eyes staring, and his whole body shaking and trembling. Whereat the doctor wondering, presently demanded what was the matter, cousin captain? The captain replied, I have seen my major. At which the doctor seeming to smile, the captain immediately confirmed it, saying, if ever I saw him in my life, I saw him just now. And then he related to the doctor what had passed, thus; " This morning, after it was light,
one

one comes to my bedside, and suddenly drawing back the curtains, calls Cap. Cap. (which was the term of familiarity that the major used to call the captain by) to whom I replied, What, my major? To which he returns, I could not come at the time appointed, but I am, now come to tell you, *That there is a God, and a very just and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf* (the very expression as is by the doctor punctually remembered) *you will find it so.* The captain proceeded, On the table by there lay a sword, which the major had formerly given me. Now after the apparition had walked a turn or two about the chamber, he took up the sword, drew it out, and finding it not so clean and bright as it ought, cap. cap. says he, *this sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine.* After which words he suddenly disappeared."

The captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of what he had seen and heard, but was from that time observed to be very much affected with it; and the humour that before in him was brisk and jovial, was then strangely altered. Insomuch that very little meat would pass down with him at dinner, though at their taking leave of their friends there was a very handsome treat provided. Yea, it was observed that what the captain had thus seen and heard, had a more lasting influence upon him, and it was judged by those who were well acquainted with his conversation, that the remembrance of this passage stuck close to him, and that those words of his dead friend were frequently sounding in his ears, during the remainder of his life, which was about two years.

Just such another story I heard related a few Sundays ago; the substance of which I took down as near as possible. Two gentlemen, great libertines and ridiculers of all true religion, and truths of the gospel, in one of their gay humours, made an agreement, that which ever of them should die first, should come and acquaint the other what state he was in. Accordingly one of them died soon, and a few nights after he appeared to his friend, and in much horror said, "I am come to let you know there is a hell, and I experience it:" and vanished away. This story was related by the Rev. Mr. M——n, in a sermon preached at Blackfriars church, and was brought in as a confirmation to the doctrine in the discourse he was upon; namely, on the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 30, 31. "And he (the rich man) said, Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they would repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets (i. e. neither the threats of God's law, nor the promises of the gospel for their repentance) neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." This was verified in the surviving gentleman above mentioned: Although he was at first a little shocked at the words of his friend, yet it made no alteration or amendment in his life, for he had lived a libertine, and a despiser of all true religion, and of those who professed it, so he died; and Mr. M——n said, that he knew them both well; one of them was a near neighbour to him at the time.

O how dreadful the reflection! that man, a rational creature, endued with clear understanding, and assisted with the light of the gospel, should so give himself up to wickedness and a reprobate mind, denying the truths of God's word, so as to plunge

plunge their poor souls into everlasting ruin with the devil and his angels!

A wonderful relation of the apparition of old Sir George Villiers, father of the then Duke of Buckingham, to one Mr. Parker, to warn the Duke against something, which, if not prevented, would end in his death; which so fell out (he not regarding the advice) and soon after he was stabbed by one John Felton, an officer.

There were many stories scattered abroad at that time of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death: amongst the rest, there was one that was upon a better foundation of credit. There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty or more. This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, liv'd, and had been much cherished and much obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the duke of Buckingham, at midnight, this man being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him on the side of his bed, a man of a very

C 6

venerable

venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him.

The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he used to wear, in which, at that time he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person, he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him, which was that he should go from him to his son, the duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him, whether he had done as he required of him; and perceiving he had not, gave him some severe reprehensions, told him he expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind; but should always be pursued by him: upon which he promised him to obey. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was still wil-
ling

ling to persuade himself he had only dreamed ; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find out any admission to his presence, much less to be believed in what he should say ; so with great trouble and inquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do, and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him a third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him ; and if he should obtain admission to him, he never would be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner ; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed by his own, or the malice of other men to abuse the duke, and he should be sure to be undone.

The spectre replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he had performed what he required, and therefore he had better to dispatch it ; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him ; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person but the duke himself ; and he should no sooner hear them than he should believe all the rest he should say ; and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London,

don, where the court then was; he was very well known by Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went; and tho' he did not acquaint him with all his particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him: he desired that by his means he might be brought to the duke in such a place, and in such a manner as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing.

Sir Ralph promised that he would speak first to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure; and accordingly the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and what he knew of the matter.

The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth-Bridge, where he should land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour; none but his own servants being at that hour in the place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, tho' the duke sometimes spoke loud

loud, and with great commotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference upon somewhat he knew was very extraordinary.

The man told him in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars that was to gain him credit, (the substance whereof he said he durst not impart unto him) the duke's colour changed, and he swore he could come at that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were only known to himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

How strongly does this confirm the opinion, that the soul, when departed, has a knowledge of the actions of the living, and willing to do any office for their good, if permitted.

The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness and in deep thought without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms. And when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence; and the countess herself [for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title] was, at the duke's leaving her, found over-whelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprized, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son.

This story is related with some little circumstantial difference by several considerable authors, who all seem to agree in the most material parts of it. *Vide Baker's Chronicle.*

Fame, though with some privacy, says, that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which it surprized the duke to hear of; and that as he thought he had good reasons to be sure the lady would not tell it of herself, so he thought none but the devil could tell it besides her; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message.

A considerable time before this happened, Sir Clement Throckmorton dreamed that an assassin would kill his grace; therefore he took the first opportunity to advise him to wear a *privy coat*; the duke thanked him for his counsel very kindly, but gave him this answer, that he thought a coat of mail would signify little in a popular commotion, and from any single person he apprehended no danger. *Relique Wotton*, p. 144.

This relation is recorded by three different authors; viz. Mr. Lilly the astrologer, in a work of his; Lord Clarendon's history of England; and Mr. Baker's Chronicle. It is also mentioned by Mr. Flavel in his treatise on the soul.

C H A P. III.

Apparition at Launceston, in Cornwall. Of Miss Pringle to Mrs. Lowe her father's house-keeper. Unaccountable communication of the mind to a young Man while at a place of worship. Spirit of a man just deceased, seen by Mr. Weston of Old Swinford.

An account of an apparition attested by the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, minister at Launceston, in Cornwall.

IN the beginning of the year 1665 a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Elliott of Treberse, Esq. a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse I spoke some words in commendation of the young Gentleman; such as might endear his memory to those who knew him, and withal
tend

tend to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and often heard to repeat the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil.

Et Puer ipse fuit contari dignus.——

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character, was a reflection made upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and but a few months before not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr. Elliott, was now by a strange accident quite lost as to his parents hopes, and all expectations of any further comfort by him.

The funeral rights being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humour to his house that night; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliott interposed, and pleaded title to me for the whole day, which (as he said) he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before Monday came, I had a new message to request me, that if it were possible I would be there the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter the Saturday by no means

means to fail the Monday, and so to order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business; and began to suspect that there must needs be some design in the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity, scarce common acquaintance with the gentleman, or his family; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went and paid my promised devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful, as the invitation was importunate. There also I found a neighbouring minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholick and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament, that his ill-humour should so incredibly subdue his reason; (saith he) "The poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school." In the midst of our discourse, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renewed the relation to, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed

what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole : In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect my thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the youth reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it ; but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his counsels, I had hopes to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtesy had laid for me ; for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be call'd immediately. This I was forced to comply with, and consent to ; so that, drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me, that either the boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench, and ashamed to confess it ; or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new cloaths, that he might range to London after a brother he had there ; and therefore they begg'd of me, to discover the root of the matter ; and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him ; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him, as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits.

I soon entered a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him ; for I doubted he would be
too

too distrustful or too reserved. But we had scarce past the first situation and began to speak to the business, before I found, that there needed no policy to skrew myself into his heart ; for he most openly and with all obliging candour did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar ; that he had not the least respect for any of womankind as his mother gave out ; and that the only request he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions, concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field, called the Higher-Broom-Quartils. He told me with all naked freedom and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him ; and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place he might be convinced that the thing was real, &c.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it ; and therefore he went on in this manner.

This woman which appears to me, said he, lived a neighbour here to my father ; and died about eight years since ; her name Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the foot path to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recall the name of the person ; but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any thing to the contrary, before she
began

began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The first time I took notice of her, was about a year since; and when I began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way and went to school the under horse road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the quarry park and the nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind; and I often did repeat these places in scripture (with that he took a small Bible out of his pocket). Job. vii. 14. *Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;* and Deut. xxviii. 67. *In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and at evening thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.* I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of these pertinent scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus said he—By degrees I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon being urged to it, I told my brother William of it; and he privately acquainted my father and mother; and they kept it to themselves for some time.

The success of this discovery was only this; they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopperies out of my head.

I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.

This and much more to the same purpose (yea as much as held a dialogue of near two hours) was our conference in the orchard; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our intents) I would next morning, walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, but will you sure, sir? Will you really, sir? Thank God, now I hope I shall be believed. From this conclusion we retired into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. Williams were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliments from the old man was, "Come Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam, I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy!" At these words the lad ran up stairs to his chamber, without replying, and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word, but when things were riper they might know all; at present I desired them to rest in my faithful promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guess'd to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about
three

three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before, as much (as the suddenness of its appearance, and evanition would permit me to discover) met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to shew my fear to my pupil and guide, and therefore telling him, that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field, and returned, nor did the ghost meet us at that time above once. I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment; the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his prosecutor.

In short we went home; I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return, the gentleman (whose inquisitiveness had missed us) watched to speak with me; I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave her caution moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring, with what we yet had no assurance of.

In this juncture of time, I had business, which would admit no delay; wherefore I went to Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse; for my wife was that week brought home very ill. How-

ever

ever my mind was upon the adventure; I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving by the help of God to see the utmost.

The next morning being the 27th day of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me much about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me; in my thoughts this moved swifter than the time before, and about ten foot distant from me on my right hand; insomuch that I had not time to speak to it, as I had determined with myself before hand.

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay; I proposed to them our going all together to the place next morning, and some asseveration, that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse, and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the quartils; and had passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness, that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran after it, with the young man by my side; we saw it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no farther; I slept upon the hedge at one place and he at another, but could discern nothing, whereas I dare aver, that the swiftest horse in

England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this days appearance :

1. That a spaniel dog who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectrum passed by ; whence 'tis easy to conclude that 'twas not our fear or fancy which made the apparition.

2. That the motion of the spectre was not gradatim, or by steps, and moving of the feet ; but a kind of gliding as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions, the ancients gave of the motion of their Lemurs.

But to proceed, this ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentlemen and his wife ; who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her life time, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I encourag'd them as well as I could ; but after this they went no more. However I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men have successfully practised, in these uncommon cases.

The next morning being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the fields next adjoining to the quartils. Soon after five I stept over the stile, into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was

not

not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted, until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction.

But the work could not be finish'd at this time; wherefore the same evening an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words of each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object; and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the christian religion, I must and will assert, that these things in this paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no reason to be ashamed of it, for I can justify it, to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I chose to content myself in the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty, relations of so uncommon a nature and practice, obtain belief. He that tells such a story, may expect to be dealt withal, as a traveller in Poland by the robbers, viz. first murdered and then searched, first condemned for a liar, or superstitious, and then (when 'tis too late) have his reasons and proofs examined. This incredulity may be attributed,

First. To the infinite abuses of the people, and impositions upon their faith by the cunning monks and friars, &c. in the days of darkness and popery. For they made aparitions as often as they pleased,

and got both money and credit by quieting the Terculamenta Vulgi, which their own artifice had raised.

Secondly. To the prevailing of Somatism and Hobbean principles in these times; which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadduces, and as it denies the nature, so cannot consist with the apparitions of spirits, of which see, Leviath. p. 1. c. 12.

Thirdly. To the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar of ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows any thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

But I being a clergyman, and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

In rebus abstrusissimis abundans cautela non nocet.

Miss Pringle's appearance at two places at the same time.

Mrs. Jane Lowe, house-keeper to Mr. Pringle, of Clifton Park, in the south of Scotland, one morning in the summer of 1745, beheld the apparition of a lady walking in the avenue, on the margin of a rivulet, which runs into Kale water.

The form exactly resembled a daughter of her master who had long been absent from the family, at the distance of above an hundred miles south of Paris. As Mrs. Lowe walked down the avenue and approached the rivulet, she grew more and more certain of the similitude of the phantom to the idea in her mind of the Miss Pringle, and seeing her master in an enclosure adjoining, she communicated to him what she had just seen. Mr. Pringle laughed, and said, "You simple woman, that lady is Miss Chattow of Moorebattle." However, Mrs. Lowe prevailed upon him to accompany her to the place; which they had nearly reached, when the apparition sprung into the water and instantly disappeared.

Mr. Pringle and Mrs. Lowe, on returning to the hall, apprised the family of the vision, and for their pains were heartily laughed at. The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, minister of Linton, happened to breakfast that morning with Mr. Pringle, his lady, and two young daughters, who joined the ridicule. About three months after, the same reverend gentleman honoured the family with his company; when standing at a window in the lower room, he observed a poor, ragged, lame, lean man, slowly approaching the house; "Here comes another apparition," cried Mr. Turnbull, with a kind of contemptuous smile. This drew the immediate attention of all present, and Mr. Pringle quickly recognized the person to be his second son, whom he had not seen before for above ten years.

On his arrival, he soon convinced them he was no apparition, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had been a slave to the Algerines seven years, but had happily been ransomed at the

critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny. He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard his sister resided, and to his unspeakable grief found that she died on the 25th of May, the same summer, about five o'clock in the morning, which he recollected to have been the precise time that he was saved from the jaws of death, and when he thought he beheld his sister. Mrs. Lowe, who was present in the room, on hearing his declaration, broke forth into an acclamation, affirming, that the day alluded to was that on which she had shewn Mr. Pringle the apparition; and this was confirmed by the reverend divine, in whose study this story was found after his death.

The following fact recently appeared on the evidence, upon oath, of a youth at the session of the Old Bailey.

The young man being servant to a silk-mercant in New-street, Covent-Garden, was one Sunday entrusted with the sole care of the house. In the evening, having, as he thought, properly secured the place, he ventured out to an evening lecture in the city; where he had not been long present, when, by a sudden and unaccountable emotion in his mind, he imagined that all was not safe at home. At first he paid but little regard to the intimation; but the idea of a robbery continuing to operate upon his fancy, he was prevailed upon to

to retire, and immediately return home. On his arrival at the corner of New-street, he discovered the shop door unbarred, and half open. On rushing into the shop, two men ran past him with the utmost precipitation ; he followed fast, cried, stop thief ! and they were taken and conveyed to the watch-house. All the most valuable goods in the shop, to the amount of several hundred pounds, were packed up, several implements of house-breaking were found on the thieves and in the shop. The miscreants were committed, tried, convicted, and executed ; justice having been first moved by an invisible agent, who, like the vapour in the brain of King Ahasuarus, the Persian, would not suffer her that night to rest, till two old offenders were fast in her hands, the goods of the mercer happily saved, and the integrity of the shopman vindicated.

Spirit of a Poor Man just deceased, appearing, is the means of a gentleman's preservation.

Mr. Weston, of Old Swinford, in Worcester-shire, was walking, one evening in the summer of 1759, in the park of Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, ran for shelter into a grotto, and stood under a spreading oak, under whose shade several cattle were standing. He had not been ten minutes in that situation, before he saw the form of a man pass over the brook almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called him by name ; but re-

ceived no answer, and the apparition quickly disappearing, he found his mind much agitated. Regardless of the storm, Mr. Weston withdrew from the place where he had sought an asylum, and ran round a rising hill in order to discover the form which had presented itself to him. That however had not the effect desired—but one abundantly more salutary it certainly had; for just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, shivered it to pieces, and killed two of the cattle under its boughs.

On Mr. Weston's return to Swinford, he found that the death of the labourer was just announced in the neighbourhood. He told the story to his friends, who, on the ground of his known veracity, could not well refuse it credit. He saw the body, at his own expence, decently interred, and afterwards contributed to the support of the widow, not only by remitting a year's rent for her cottage and piece of ground, but also by settling a small annuity upon her till she should marry.

We have told this tale simply as it was related by Mr. Weston, and leave the reader to make his own reflections on so marvellous an interposition of divine Providence, without deciding in this, or such other case, whether the form that appeared was the soul of the deceased, exerting its philanthropy in its flight to the unknown country, or the guardian angel of that soul returning to give up his charge and produce his account at the bar of the Supreme. When Peter was

was redeemed from death, and freed from prison by a miraculous power, he visited the assembled company of christians, who at first could hardly believe their eyes that it was the apostle, but said, *it is his angel*. This proves that the notion of ministring spirits prevailed in the earliest age of christianity, a notion which not only accords with many passages of the Old, but also of the New Testament.



C H A P. IV.

Warning given by a strange messenger to James IV. at Linlithgow church. Apparition at Belfast, in Ireland, from Mr. Baxter. Of one brother in London, to another at Boston in New-England. Story communicated by Sir Charles Lee. Account of Mr. John Bourne, of Durley, in Ireland.

Warning given by a strange messenger to James IV. at Linlithgow church.

THAT there is a spiritual world inhabited by spirits, angels, and happy beings, and that of a very different nature and constitution from what we live in here, is a truth acknowledged by the whole christian world; and although, no angel has come down from heaven to declare and explain the nature of their being to us, nor any man whilst in the body hath ascended up and seen it, yet that we should not be entirely ignorant in this particular, it has happened from time to time, that many credible witnesses have, upon some extraordinary occasions, received warnings and messages from both the heavenly and hellish kingdoms of spirits.

The

• The following relation is taken from the annals of the kingdom of Scotland.

While James IV staid at Linlithgow, to gather up the scattered remains of his army, which had been defeated by the Earl of Surrey, at Flodden-field, he went into the church of St. Michael there, to hear evening prayer. While he was at his devotion, a remarkable figure of an ancient man, with flowing amber coloured hair hanging over his shoulders, his forehead high, and inclining to baldness, his garments of a fine blue colour, somewhat long and girded together, with a fine white cloth; of comely and very reverend aspect, was seen inquiring for the king; when his majesty being pointed out to him, he made his way through the croud till he came to him, and then with a clownish simplicity, leaning over the canon's seat he addressed him in the following words: " Sir, I am sent hither to entreat you to delay your intended expedition for this time, and proceed no farther, for if you do, you will be unfortunate, and not prosper in your enterprize, nor any of your followers.—I am further charged to warn you, not to follow the acquaintance, company or counsel of women, as you value your life, honour and estate. "After giving him this admonition, he withdrew himself back again through the crowd, and disappeared. When service was ended, the king enquired earnestly after him, but he could not be found or heard of any where, neither could any of the by-standers (of whom many narrowly watched him, resolving afterwards to have discoursed with him) feel or perceive how, when, or where he passed from them, having in a manner vanished from their sight.

*Apparition at Belfast in Ireland. From Baxter's
Certainty of the World of Spirits.*

There having been a long contest between *Lemuel Matthews*, archdeacon in the county of Down, and *Claudius Gilbert*, minister of Belfast, about their right to Drumbeg, a small parish near Belfast; it proved troublesome to the parishioners, who paid their dues to Mr. *Gilbert*, the incumbent. The Archdeacon claimed it to be paid to him also, for which he procured a warrant; and in the execution of it by his servants, at the house of one *Charles Loftin*, they offered some violence to his wife who refused entrance, and who died of the injury a few weeks after; but she being an infirm woman, little notice was taken of her death, till some time after, by her strange appearance to one *Thomas Donelson*, (a spectator of the violence done to her,) she affrighted him into a prosecution of *Robert Eccleson*, the criminal. She appeared divers times, but chiefly upon one Lord's-day evening, when she fetched him, with a strange force, out of his house into the yard, and fields adjacent. Before her last coming, (for she did so three times that day) several neighbours were called in, to whom he gave notice that she was again coming, and beckoned to him to come out; upon which, they went to shut the door, but he forbade it, saying, that she looked with a terrible aspect upon him when they offered it. His friends laid hold on him and embraced him, that he might not again go out; notwithstanding which, (a plain evidence of some invisible power) he was drawn out of their hands in a surprising manner, and carried abroad into the field and

and yard as before, she charging him to prosecute *Eccleson*; which voice, as also *Donelson's* reply, the people heard though they saw no shape. There are many witnesses of all this yet alive, particularly *Sarah* the wife of *Charles Loftin*, son to the deceased woman; and one *William Holyday* and his wife, &c.

Upon this, *Donelson* deposed what he knew, before Mr. *Randal Brice*, a Justice of the Peace, and confirmed all at the assizes at *Down* in the year 1685, as I remember; where the several witnesses were sworn, and their examinations were entered in the records of the said assize, to the amazement and satisfaction of all the country, and of the Judges, whom I have heard speak of it at that time with much wonder; insomuch that the said *Eccleson* hardly escaped with his life, but was burnt in the hand.

The said *Donelson* is yet living in the same place, with the other witnesses.

All this, says Mr. Baxter, I heard spoken of myself, with universal amazement, at the time when transacted; and I should not have been beholden to any to have believed this relation who had been at the trial at *Down*.

True Account of an Apparition of one Brother in London, to another at Boston in New-England.

The Party in London of whom we relate, lived here with a merchant; and as he drove a considerable trade beyond sea, he established a factory, or, as the language of trade calls it, a house, at a certain

tain port in the English colonies in America, and sent over his servants or apprentices thither, as is usual for merchants to do.

One of his said apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo being actually on board the ship, and the ship fallen down to Gravesend, his master was getting his letters and invoices, and other dispatches, ready for him, he being to go down the river the same evening.

The hurry of dispatching him prevented his master from taking him up to dinner with him at the usual hour, and told him he must be content to stay in the counting-house 'till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly, dinner being over, he goes down to send him up to dinner. And when he came to the counting-house door, there sat his man with the book keeper also, writing as he left him.

It happened just that moment, some occasion extraordinary obliged him to step back again, and go up stairs to the dining-room, from whence he came; and intending not to stay, he did not speak to the young man, but left him in the counting-house, and went immediately up stairs.

It was not possible that he, or any one else, except such as could walk invisibly, could go by, or pass him unseen; good manners would have hindered the young man from thrusting by his master upon the stairs, if he had been going up; but he is positive he did not, and could not pass without being seen.

But when he came to the top of the stairs, there sat the young man at dinner with the other servants; the room they dined in being a little parlour, which opened just against the stairs, so
that

that he saw him all the way of the upper part of the stair-case, and could not be deceived.

The master did not speak to him, which he was very sorry for afterwards ; but the surprize made him pass by the room, and go into the dining-room, which was to the right hand of it ; but he sent one immediately to look, and he was there really at dinner ; so that what he (the master) saw below in the counting-house, must be the apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all : The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived safe with all his effects in America, though he never lived to return. However, I cannot say his apparition, in the manner as related, could have the least relation to his being sick, and dying abroad, which was not till three years afterwards. But what followed was of another kind.

This young man had an elder brother, who lived in London ; he was a gentleman, and a scholar, and was at that time studying physic. He was also a stout man, and in particular understood a sword, that is to say, how to use a sword, as well as most gentlemen in England.

He had an accidental rencounter with a gentleman in the street, in that short street which goes out of Fleet-street into Salisbury-court ; and being so complete a master of his weapon, he wounded his antagonist ; and drove him into a tavern in the street, from whence came out two men more upon him with their swords, but both of them found the gentleman so much an over-match for them, that they left him as fast as the first ; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a sword, but a fire-poker, taken hastily out of the tavern-kitchen, and running at this gentleman with it, knock'd him down and fractured

fractured his skull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother, as far off as Boston, in New-England, writing to his master the merchant, and who gives this account of it, after other business, wrote this postscript.

“ SIR, I beg you will be pleased, in your re-
 “ turn to this, to let me have some account,
 “ as much as conveniently may be, how my
 “ brother does, and what condition he is in ;
 “ which importunity I hope you will excuse,
 “ when you read the following account ;

“ On the 20th of June last, about six o’clock
 “ in the morning, lying in bed, and broad awake,
 “ my brother or an apparition of my brother,
 “ came to the bed’s feet and opened the curtain,
 “ looking full in my face, but did not speak. I
 “ was very much frightened, but however I so far
 “ recovered as to say to him, Brother, what is
 “ the matter with you ?

“ He had a napkin-cap on his head, which
 “ was very bloody ; he looked very pale and
 “ ghastly, and said, I am basely murdered by one,
 “ naming the person ; but I shall have justice
 “ done me : and then disappeared.”

Now this letter was so dated, that it was impossible any account could have been sent of the disaster, that could reach thither in that time ; for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact was committed in London ; and that it was genuine I am well assured, because I saw the letter within an hour after it was received in London,

read

read it myself, and knew the young man's hand, and the young man also perfectly well, as I likewise did his brother that was killed, very intimately.

The young man was sober, religious, and sensible, not given to whimsey, or light-headed fancies, not vapourish or distempered, not apt to see double, or to dream waking, as many of our apparition-making people are; he was likewise a scholar, and a very serious person. The first I mention as a protection to him from foolish imagination, and the last from falsehood; and I am satisfied the reader may depend upon both the stories, as to the truth of them.——*Moreton on Apparitions.*

The following account was communicated by Sir Charles Lee, to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and afterwards published by Mr. Beaumont in his treatise of spirits.

Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in child-birth; and when she died, her sister, the lady Everard desired to have the education of the child; and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable: and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Upon a Thursday night, she thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knock'd for her maid, who presently came to her; and she
asked

asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid said she left none, and there was none, but what she brought with her at that time. Then she said it was the fire; but that the maid told her was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep; but about two of the clock she was awaked again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day, she should be with her; whereupon she knocked again for the maid, called for her cloaths, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine; and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, gave it to her aunt, the lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired, that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. But the lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when prayers were ended, she took her guittar and psalm-book and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master who was then there, admired at it; and near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a
strong

strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire: but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried, but when he came he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried by the side of her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter. This was about the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three.

The Story of Mr. John Bourne, of Durley, in Ireland, about a mile from Bridgwater, Counsellor at Law.

Mr. John Bourne, for his skill, care and honesty, was made by his neighbour, John Mallet, Esq; of Enmore, the chief of his trustees for his son John Mallet, father to Elizabeth, now Countess Dowager of Rochester, and the rest of his children in minority. He had the reputation of a worthy good man, and was commonly taken notice of for an habitual saying, by way of interjection almost to any thing, viz. You say true, You say true, You are in the right. This Mr. Bourne fell sick at his house at Durley, in the year 1654, and Dr. Raymond of Oake was sent for to him, who after some time gave the said Mr. Bourne over. And he had not now spoke in 24 hours, when the said Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle,

Carlisle, Mr. Bourne's nephew's wife, whose husband he made one of his heirs, sitting by his bedside, the doctor opened the curtains at the beds feet to give him air; when on a sudden, to the horror and amazement of Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle, the great iron chest by the window at his bed's feet, with three locks to it (in which were all the writings and evidences of the said Mr. Mallet's estate) began to open, first one lock, then another, then the third. Afterwards the lid of the said iron chest lifted up itself, and stood wide open. Then the patient Mr. Bourne who had not spoke in 24 hours, lifted himself up also, and looking upon the chest, cried, you say true, you say true, you are in the right, I'll be with you by and by. So the patient lay down and spake no more. Then the chest fell again of itself, and locked itself one lock after another, as the three locks opened; and they tried to knock it open and could not, and Mr. Bourne died within an hour after.





B O O K II.

SHEWING, THAT UNEMBODIED SPIRITS ARE ALLOWED, BY A SUPERNATURAL POWER, TO ASSUME TO THEMSELVES THE SHAPE, AIR, DRESS, AND DEPORTMENT THEY FORMERLY CARRIED IN THE WORLD.

C H A P. I.

*Mrs. Bargrave's Visit to Mrs. Veal, at Canterbury.
—A Woman's Appearance to her Son, at Sea.—
A Divine sees his own Apparition.—Ghost of
Mrs. Bretton, for the Recovery of some Lands
to the Poor.*

MRS. Margaret Veal, and Mrs. Mary Bargrave, (before her marriage called Lodowick) had contracted a great intimacy in their younger years, at which time the father of one was customer, and that of the other minister of Dover.

This

This friendship, as it served the true ends, was of use to Mrs. Veal in one particular, for when her father by his extravagance had reduced his family, she found a seasonable relief from it in her necessity.

Besides this, Mrs. Bargrave was instrumental to her better fortune, for by her interest with a gentleman, one Mr. Boyce, her relation, Mrs. Veal's brother was recommended to Archbishop Tillotson, by whom he was introduced to Queen Mary; and her Majesty for his relation by the mother to the Hyde family, gave him the post of comptroler of the customs at Dover, which he enjoyed to his death.

This is a part into which Mrs. Bargrave is loth to enter, being reduced to it by the treatment she had met with from Mr. Veal, who, to invalidate the story of his sister's appearance, would make the world believe she had little or nothing of her acquaintance.

Time and alteration of circumstances on either side had interrupted their friendship for some years and Mrs. Bargrave, by being half a year in London, and afterwards settling at Canterbury, had neither seen nor heard from her a year and a half.

Mrs. Veal sometime before her death had the addressees of a gentleman of the army, Major General Sibourg [a natural son of the Duke of Scomberg] since killed in the battle of Mons, and was engaged so far, that her brother's not consenting to it, is believed to have brought on those fits, which were the cause of her death. She died at Dover, on Friday in the month of September, 1705.

On

On Saturday, a little before twelve in the morning, Mrs. Bargrave being by herself in her own house in Canterbury, at which time she had been reflecting on her misfortunes, and comforting herself with better hopes, as she was taking her work in her hand, heard somebody knock at the door; and going out, to her astonishment, found it to be her old friend Mrs. Veal.

After expressing her surprise to see so great a stranger, she offered to salute her, which the other declined, as it were, by hanging down her head, and saying, she was not well, on which Mrs. Bargrave desired her to walk in and sit down, which she did.

An apparition (as one has observed) is a restless disembodied spirit; and although it appears to have its own natural body, cloaths, &c. yet it will never suffer itself to be touched by any it appears to, which plainly shews, that an apparition is only an airy phantom, or spirit, which can vanish out of sight. Why God sometimes permits such things, we cannot tell, though generally it appears to be for some good purpose, either respecting the person they appear to, or some others, and perhaps to ease their own disquieted spirit, which cannot rest, until it hath revealed to some the cause of their uneasiness.

She was dressed in a silk dove coloured riding gown, with French night-cloaths; she appeared expressly the same without alterations, and Mrs. Bargrave remembers to have heard her steps distinctly as she walked in.

Mrs. Bargrave began by asking where she was going in that dress? She answered she was going her journey, which the other took to be to Tunbridge,

bridge, where she went every year for the benefit of her health, and said, you are going to the old place.

Mrs. Veal being never trusted abroad without attendance, upon account of her fits, she asked how she came alone from her uncle's; (meaning one Captain Watſon in Canterbury, with whom she always lodged.) She replied, she had given them the ſlip to ſee her. She then asked how ſhe came to find her out in ſuch a houſe, being reduced by her huſband's extravagance to take up with a much ſmaller one than ſhe had been wont to have done? To which the other made answer, ſhe ſhould find her out any where.

Mrs. Bargrave's huſband was a barrister at law, a man who ſpent all in exceſſes; and as he was the worſt of huſbands, his wife had gone through a long couſe of ill uſage, which was in a great meaſure unknown to the world. The uſe of this is to ſhew one end of Mrs. Veal's viſit, which ſeems to be to give her the relief they had often communicated to each other in the courſe of their friendſhip.

Mrs. Veal then began with Mrs. Bargrave, by asking her what was the matter with her, ſhe looked ſo ill? She replied, ſhe had been thinking on her miſfortunes. I muſt now act the part you did to me under my miſfortunes, (ſays Mrs. Veal) I muſt comfort you as you uſed to do me. I would have you by no means think that God Almighty is diſpleaſed with you; but that his intention is only to try and perfect you, for God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Beſides, one moments happineſs of the other world, will be more than a reward for all your ſufferings, when as upon a hill you ſhall be above all the ſtorms and dangers

dangers of a troublesome world. We are now in the dark as to a great many of God's dispensations, but we shall then see a perfect harmony in them all. She went on a great way in this manner, with unusual vehemence, and striking her hand often on her knees, she cried, You must believe it.

Mrs. Bargrave being so earnestly pressed, asked if she did not think she believed it? To which she replied, no doubt but you do; but you must believe it thoroughly.

Mrs. Bargrave, moved with the discourse, chanced, by a turn of her chair, to throw down from a shelf, Drelincourt's treatise of the christian's defence against the fears of death, which gave the first hint to tell her, there was Drelincourt they had so often read together. I see, says Mrs. Veal, you keep on your old way of reading, which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition he speaks of. The other mentioning Dr. Sherlock and some others on that subject, she said, Drelincourt had the clearest notions of death, and that neither Dr. Sherlock, nor any other on that subject, were comparable to him as she expressed it) to her understanding. Dear Mrs. Bargrave, says she, if the eyes of our faith were but as open as the eyes of our bodily senses, we should see innumerable angels about us for our guard; but our notions of heaven are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Believe me, my dear friend, one moment of future happiness will be more than amends for all your suffering; nor yet can I believe that God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted condition, but be assured your sufferings will leave you, or you them.

in a short time, therefore be comforted under them, and be assured, that God Almighty has a particular regard for you, that they are marks of his favour, and when they have done the business they were sent for, will be removed. Mrs. Bargrave, speaking how dark such a condition as her's was, that had no alloy at present; she said, at the worst these storms would be recompensed by the reception she would meet with in her father's house, and from the 57th of Isaiah, "that God would not contend for ever, nor be always wrath, for the spirit should fail before him, and the souls which he had made. Mrs. Bargrave's husband dying about two years after that event, made her reflect on this part of her discourse, as pointing to her deliverance.

In the course of conversation, Mrs. Veal entered upon the subject of friendship, and saying there was now little friendship in the world; the other replied, she hoped she herself had no reason to complain every one being a friend to the rich; I mean, says Mrs. Veal, such a friendship as you and I had to improve one another in what is useful. Mrs. Bargrave mentioning Dr. Horneck's treatise, where he treats of the lives of the primitive christians, Mrs. Veal went on to recommend their example, saying, that their conversation was different from that of the present age, which is made up of nothing but vain frothy discourse; their's was to edification, to build up one another in faith; their's was a hearty friendship, but where is it now to be found? It is hard indeed, says Mrs. Bargrave, to find a friend in these days. What did you think of my friendship, says Mrs. Veal, which I'm sure has not at all answered what I owe you? If you can forgive me, you are the
best

best natured creature in the world. - Says Mrs. Bargrave, do not mention such a thing, I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can forgive you. But what did you think of me, says Mrs. Veal? I thought of you, says Mrs. Bargrave, that, like the rest of the world, prosperity had altered you. I have been, says Mrs. Veal, the most ungrateful wretch in the world, and then recounted many of the kindneses she had received from her in her adversity, saying, she wished her brother knew how she was troubled about it. Being asked why she did not acquaint her brother of it, if it was such a trouble to her, she said she did not think of it till her coming away.

To divert the discourse, Mrs. Bargrave asked her if she had seen a copy of verses of Mr. Norris's, on friendship, in a dialogue between Damon and Pithias. She said she had seen other parts of his works, but not that: says Mrs. Bargrave, I have them of my own writing, and the other desiring to see them, she went up stairs and brought them to her to read; but Mrs. Veal said, it is your own scrawl, pray read it yourself, holding down my head will make it ach; so Mrs. Bargrave read them. There was a passage that friendship survives after death, which the other desired to have repeated, and said, Mrs. Bargrave, these poets call heaven by a strange name, that is Elysium; and added, with a particular emphasis, that their friendship should have no end in a future world. There are some, says she, who are apt to deny women to have any souls, and make it a thing indifferent whether they are of any religion or no; but we shall be found to have souls as well as men, and are not a little obliged to a certain divine, who is of opinion

that they shall make the greater number of the happy.

Some discourses they had upon charity, with respect to our differences in religion; as to which, she said, people had but little religion while they talked so much about it, and were so little influenced by it in their temper and practice, and when they were all going to heaven, were to blame to fall out by the way. This part of their discourse lasted near an hour and a half, which at this distance of time is not to be expected that it should be intire and perfect.

As the conversation was upon the usual subjects, so it was in the usual manner, part in French and part in English; all which time Mrs. Bargrave observed nothing particular of her but the vehemence of her discourse; when she looked earnestly at her, she rubbed her eyes, and asked if her fits had not quite altered her senses; to which Mrs. Bargrave replied, that she thought she never saw her look better in her life.

Mrs. Veal then asked her what was become of her husband? and being told he was abroad, said, she wished he might not come home while she was there, for though he had always treated her with respect, yet she had sometimes been frightened with his frolics. Mrs. Bargrave then asked if she would drink tea? I warrant you, says she, this madman has broke all your trinkets; but the other said she would get something to drink in for all that. I will, says she, if I want it.

At last, she said, she had great apprehensions of her fits, and that in case she should die of them, desired Mrs. Bargrave to write to her brother, and tell him she would have him do such and such things, viz. give her best cloaths to her uncle Wat-son's

son's daughter, as also two small pieces of gold laid up in a cabinet in a purse; so many pieces to another person, two rings to Mr. Bretton, commissioner of the customs, a ring to Major General Sibourg, of which Mrs. Bargrave sent him a letter, and further desired to charge her brother not to take any interest of such a person she had a kindness for, whose plate she had in security.

As she often pressed this message, the other as often declined it; saying it would be disagreeable to trouble such a young gentleman as her brother was, with their conversation, that he would wonder at her impertinence, and that she had better do it herself. To which she replied, that though it might seem impertinent now, she would see the reason of it hereafter; that her brother though a sober man, and free from other vices, was yet vain, which she desired her to tell him; as also of their discourse, and to give her credit, told her some secret of consequence between him and herself. Seeing her so importunate, Mrs. Bargrave fetched pen and ink, upon which the other said, let it alone till I am gone, but be sure that you do it.

This kind of discourse gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehensions of her fits, so that she drew her chair close to her to prevent her from falling, during which she several times took hold of the sleeve of her gown, which Mrs. Veal told her was scoured the second time; and Mrs. Bargrave commended it for a pretty silk. Mrs. Veal said she had better take it for herself; the other answered, you are going a journey, how will you do without it? She said, as well as you, who have often taken off your gown from your back for me.

Towards the latter end of this discourse, she told Mrs. Bargrave, that she had received a pension of ten pounds a year, from Mr. Bretton, commissioner of the customs, who she said had been her great friend and benefactor.

She asked Mrs. Bargrave if she knew her sister, Mrs. Haslewood, who, she said, was coming to see her as she was taking her journey? The other asked again how she came to order matters so strangely? She said the house was ready for them. It proved that Mrs. Haslewood and her husband came to her house just as she was dying.

By this time she began to look disordered, and forgetful of what she had said, as if the fits were coming upon her, which was like the acting a part to take away the suspicion of death. As this visit seems in a great measure designed out of gratitude to a friend, without giving any apprehensions, so the several parts of her discourse, that relating to Mr. Bretton's pension, her sister Haslewood, the scouring her gown, the quantity of gold in the purse, the rings and the plate in pawn, are designed as credentials to her brother and the world.

At last she asked Mrs. Bargrave, where is Molly? meaning her daughter; she replied she is at school; but if you have a mind to see her, I will send for her; to which the other agreeing, she went to a neighbour's house to send for her, and at her return found Mrs. Veal without the door of the house, in readiness to be gone.

Mrs. Veal asked if she would not go with her? which the other took to be to Captain Watson's in Canterbury, and said, you know it is as much as my life is worth; but I will see you to-morrow in the afternoon, after sermon. But why are you in such a haste? Mrs. Veal then said, in case you should

should not come, or should not see me, you will remember what I have said to you. She saw her walk off till she came to the turning of a corner, and then lost sight of her. It was market day, and immediately after the clock struck two.

Mrs. Bargrave at that instant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's visit, and the matter of their conversation; and a neighbour's servant, from a yard near her window, heard some of their discourse, and being asked by her mistress if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife? made answer that they never talked of any thing so good.

At night her husband came home in a frolicsome humour, and taking her by the hand, said, Molly, you are hot, you want to be cooled, and so opening the door to the garden, put her out there, where she continued all night, at which time she thinks it a mercy she had no apprehensions about Mrs. Veal's apparition, which if she had, it probably would have cost her her life.

All Sunday she kept her bed, in a downright fever, and on Monday morning sent to Mrs. Watson's to enquire after Mrs. Veal, and as she could have no satisfaction, went herself and had as little. They were surprized at her enquiring for Mrs. Veal, and said, they were sure, by their not seeing her, that she could not have been at Canterbury; but when Mrs. Bargrave persisted that she was, and described her dress, saying, she had on a scoured silk of such a colour, Mrs. Watson's daughter said, that she had indeed seen her, for none knew of the gown's being scoured but themselves, and that her mother helped to make it up. In the mean time Captain Watson came in, and told them that preparation was making in town for the funeral of some per-

son of note in Dover. This quickly raised apprehensions in Mrs. Bargrave, who went away directly to the undertaker's, and was no sooner informed it was for Mrs. Veal, but she fainted away in the street.

For a long time she was hurried with crouds of all kinds of people, who came far and near to gratify their curiosity, the most sceptical on one hand and the most superstitious on the other, and during her husband's life time she was most unmercifully exposed to his raillery.

Mr. Veal to save the legacies, or out of an imaginary regard to his sister's character, would have bantered off the matter, by saying, that Mrs. Bargrave had but little of his sister's acquaintance, and that the gold said to be in his sister's cabinet, was in another place. This obliged Mrs. Bargrave to send him a letter by a gentleman she could trust, to be delivered before witnesses, and with the exactness to write in what manner it was sealed. In this, among other things, was communicated the secret delivered by Mrs. Veal, which though at present it put him into a great passion, yet obliged him to pay the legacies. From that time, whether from a fright he had one night, (as she was informed by his servants) or however else, he would not lie without servants in his room; and though he had declared before against marrying, yet married in six weeks.

His evasions were so frivolous to Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, that when he endeavoured to make the doctor disbelieve the story, and the doctor pressed him how she should come to know so much of her secret affairs? to divert the argument of her appearing after her death, he owned his sister could conceal nothing from her, intimating the

she might have told her in her life-time. He was so picqued at the doctor, that when he came to Canterbury to be married by him, he was married by another; nor was he ever able to encounter Mrs. Bargrave, but industriously avoided her.

Mrs. Bargrave was a person who had had the education of a gentlewoman, of a great share of modesty and good sense, and a temper so little given to fancies, that none could have more contempt for the common weaknesses of this kind. She said, she should have laid this to imagination, if it had not been by day, attended with so long and particular conversation, at a time when she knew no other than that the person was living, and was under no sort of apprehensions; but as it was, she could not give up her reason and her senses in compliance with such as would have it she had been in a dream.

Such as knew her many years, and could be trusted as to her character, said, she was a person who had all the reality of religion, with the easiness that became it, of which she had given substantial proofs in her life; so that her fidelity would take off any suspicion of her inventing such a story; whatever end or advantage might have been proposed by it, when, as the case was there could be none.

It is true, things of this kind are beset with difficulties of a very hard solution; but if we consider how many things there are abroad in nature, and even in ourselves, the manner of which is no less hard to be explained, and yet no one is so sceptical as to deny their being; upon the evidence of a fact so fairly attested, a man may be induced to believe it without any risque of his

understanding: nor is any consequence to be raised against things of this nature, from the numberless weak and fanciful stories of apparitions. It may be safely said, that the one is no more affected by the other, than true miracles are by what the holy scriptures call lying wonders, i. e. sorcery or legerdemain, the flight of magic, or the impostures of Rome.

One thing has much contributed to sink the credit of the story, with many who have known it no otherwise, and that is, its being published in a new edition of Drelincourt's Treatise of the christian's Defence against the fears of Death, by the accident mentioned of that book's falling into the subject of conversation, and being preferred by Mrs. Veal. The bookseller, to promote the sale of his book, printed it with such an account of the story as he had picked up, which is not only most wretchedly confused and imperfect, but fails in most particulars, and this makes the thing itself in a great measure pass for a trading story.

Mrs. Bargrave, who was not forward to propagate a thing by which she never got any thing but trouble, was so offended at the bookseller's publishing it as he did, that she could not forbear rallying him on that subject; but the thing has a better authority than that of the bookseller, by whom as it never received, so it can never lose credit with such as have a better information.

Nor does the matter so altogether rest on Mrs. Bargrave's testimony, but it may speak for itself: for besides that the story was communicated while Mrs. Veal was supposed to be living, it is impossible that such an invention could be made so consistent with itself, and the circumstances attending it, as not to be detected in time, either
through

through some slip of the contriver, or the appearance of inconsistency in facts; whereas, Mrs. Bargrave never deviated from her account, nor has time, and the general curiosity which stories of such consequence must raise, ever produced any thing to discredit it; only Mr. Veal would have it, that the gold said to be in his sister's cabinet, was in another place; but as ill-humor had so much the better of him in another instance, it may be liable to suspicion in this case.

The appearance of the Ghost of Mrs. Bretton, for the recovery of some lands to the poor; in a narrative sent to Dr. More, from Edward Fowler, Prebendary of Gloucester, and afterwards Bishop of that diocese. From Dr. Sinclair's Invisible World.

Dr. Bretton, late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, living formerly in Hertfordshire, was married to the daughter of Dr. S——. This gentlewoman was a person of extraordinary piety, which she expressed, as in her life, so at her death. She had a maid for whom she had a great kindness, who was married to a near neighbour, whose name was Alice. Not long after her death, as Alice was rocking her infant in the night, she was called from her cradle by a knocking at the door, which opening, she was surprised as the sight of a gentlewoman, not to be distinguished from her late mistress, neither in person nor habit: she was in a morning gown, the same to appearance

E 6

with

with that she had often seen her mistress wear. At first sight she expressed very great amazement, and said, were not my mistress dead, I should not question but that you were she. She replied, I am the same that was your mistress, and took her by the hand, which Alice declared was as cold as a clod; she added, that she had business of great importance to employ her in, and that she must immediately go a little way with her. Alice trembled, and besought her to excuse her, and entreated her very importunately to go to her master, who must needs be more fit to be employed; the spectre answered, that he who was her husband was not at all concerned, but yet she had a desire rather to make use of him, and in order thereto, had several times been in his chamber, but he was still asleep, nor had she power to do more, than once uncover his feet, towards the awakening him; and the doctor said he had heard walking in his chamber of a night; which 'till now he could not account for. Alice next objected, that her husband was gone a journey, and she had no one to look to her child, and that it was very apt to cry vehemently, and she feared if it awaked before her return, it would cry itself to death, or do itself a mischief; the spectre replied, the child should sleep till her return.

Alice seeing there was no avoiding of it, sorely against her will, followed her over a stile into a large field, who then said to her, observe how much of this field I measure with my feet; and when she had taken a good large leisurely compass, she said, all this belongs to the poor, it being gotten from them by wrongful means; and charged her to go and tell her brother, whose it was at that time, that he should give it up forthwith,

with, as he loved her and his dear aged mother. This brother was not the person who did this unjust act, but his father; she added that she was the more concerned, because her name was made use of in some writing that related to this land.

Alice asked her how she could satisfy her brother that this was no cheat or delusion of her fancy? She replied, tell him this secret, which he knows that only himself and I am privy to, and he will believe you. Alice having promised to go on this errand, she proceeded to give her good advice, and entertained her all the rest of the night with heavenly and divine discourse. When twilight appeared, they heard the whistling of carters, and noise of horse-bells, whereupon the spectre said, Alice, I must be seen by none but yourself, and then disappeared.

Immediately Alice makes all haste home, being thoughtful of her child, but found it as the spectre had said, asleep as she left it. When she had dressed it, and committed it to the care of a neighbour, away she went to her master the doctor, who, amazed at the account she gave him, sent her to his brother in law. He at first hearing Alice's story and message, laughed at it heartily; but she had no sooner told him the secret, but he changed his countenance, told her he would give the poor their own, and accordingly did so, and they now enjoy it.

This, with more circumstances, had been several times related by Dr. Bretton himself, who was well known to be a person of great goodness and sincerity; he gave a large narrative of this apparition of his sister to my two friends, first to one Mr. Needham, and afterwards (a little before his death) to Dr. Whichcot. About forty years afterwards

Afterwards I received the foregoing narrative. " I fell into company with three sober persons of good rank, who all lived in the city of Hereford, and I travelled in a stage-coach three days with them : I related this story, but told it was done at Deptford, for so I presumed it was, because I knew that there Dr. Bretton lived. They told me as soon as I had concluded it, that the story was very true in the main, but only I was out as to the place, for it was not at Deptford ; but as I remember they told me at Pembridge, near Hereford, where the doctor was minister, before the return of the King, and they assured me, upon their own knowledge, that to that day the poor enjoyed the piece of ground. They added, that Mrs. Bretton's father could never endure to hear any thing of his daughter's appearing after death ; but would still reply, that it was not his daughter, but the devil, so that he acknowledged something appeared in the likeness of his daughter.

This is attested by me, 17th February, 1681,
Edward Fowler.

A Mother's appearance to her Son while at Sea.

A woman, who lived on Rhode Island, in America, whilst on her death bed, and just before she expired, expressed a great desire of seeing her only son, who was then a mariner, navigating in the West India seas, and of delivering him a message. She informed the persons near her what she wanted to say to her son, and died immediately. About
that

that instant she appeared to him, as he was standing at the helm, it being night and bright moonshine. She first appeared on the shrouds, and delivered her message; and afterwards walked over some casks that lay on the deck, then descended the side regularly to the water, where she seemed to float for a while, and at last sunk and wholly disappeared. The young man immediately set down the time and day, and the substance of her message, and found, on his arrival at Rhode Island, that she died at the very juncture when she was seen by him; and that the words she spake to him, corresponded exactly with those she delivered to the persons around her. This young man had soon after the misfortune to be drowned at sea; perhaps her appearing to him, and sinking in the water, was a forerunner not only of her own, but of his death.

A young woman, who lived on the north side of Long Island, in the state of New York, with a magistrate, went on a visit about eighteen miles to the south side of the island; and while she was absent, she appeared to her master and mistress, as they were in bed. The magistrate spoke to her, asked her if she got safe home, and she vanished immediately. She returned home soon afterwards, and was taken ill of a fever, of which she died in a few days.

A Clergyman in America sees his own apparition.

A clergyman, who lived in the Massachusetts, and had entertained an opinion, for more than
fifty

fifty years, that such stories were only the vapours of distempered and weak brains, was convinced at last in the following manner: Being in his own garden, he saw his own likeness or apparition, dressed just as he then was, pass by him and look him full in the face. He ran into the house in a great surprise, told his family what he had seen, that he was convinced of his former error, and that he feared he should live but a few days. His words proved true, for he died a short time after.

Both these stories are related upon the testimony of an eminent physician.



C H A P. II.

A true and remarkable account of the apparition of a Minister, to a young Lady, reproving her conduct respecting an unlawful amour. Apparition to a wicked Mother-in-law and others to preserve an estate to the right heir.

A true and remarkable account of the apparition of a Minister, to a young Lady, reproving her conduct respecting an unlawful amour.

A Certain young lady of Wilts, born in the county of Bedford, had long been courted by a young gentleman whose father had a very good estate in the same town; but she had kept him company too openly, yet had not yielded to his importunities respecting a criminal conversation, though her reputation suffered as much as if she had; but at length she was so far over-persuaded, that she made an appointment to be at such a time at a farmer's house, a tenant of his father's, and who was, it seems, let into the wicked secret. Accordingly, she dresses herself up with the best of her art, to recommend herself

(to the devil, I may say) and away she goes to meet him, having her servant-maid to attend her, because it was over some fields that she was to go.

When she came near the house, she found some excuse or errand to send her maid back again to the town; the wench it seems, not being privy to the business.

As she was about to dismiss her maid, the maid offered to go farther, till she was nearer the house; but her mistress, seeing the minister of the town coming along the path, and making that the excuse; O, says she, there's our minister, Dr. ——— coming, so I shall have his company; you may go back, Mary, I shall be safe enough.

The maid seeing the minister also, immediately returned back as desired.

As soon as the minister came up to her, he gave her the usual compliment, and asked her how she came to be in the fields alone?

She answered, she had not been alone; having sent back her maid the sooner on seeing him coming; and besides, says she, I am going but to yonder house, mentioning the farmer's name.

O, Madam, says the Doctor, are you going thither? then I know your errand.

She was surprized, and blush'd; but recovering a little, What errand, Sir? says she.

Why, Madam, says he, it may not be proper for me to name the business; but you know it well enough.

What d'ye mean, Sir? says she. I don't understand you.

Why, says he, your favourite, the young Squire is there before you.

She was terribly surprized then, and could scarcely speak to him, being touched with shame
and

and indignation ; supposing the young gentleman had boasted of her favours before he had received them, and had betrayed her. However, she still appeared strange : and having, it may be supposed, conquered her modesty so far as to make a promise or appointment to sacrifice her virtue to him, that she might the easier conquer the surprise, she seemed to slight the intelligence.

But, Madam, says the minister, if you would take my advice—and there he stopt.

What advice, Sir ? says she. I don't understand what you mean.

Why, I would advise you to return to the town again, and not run into the way of mischief.

She still withstood, and put him off with the usual answer, I don't understand you ; what do you mean ? and the like ; but at last, the minister raising his voice a little like that of a stern reprover, answered, Come, come, young lady, you cannot conceal your wicked purposes ; you have made Mr. ——— an appointment ; he prevailed on you last night, and you have now decked yourself up with your ornaments to meet him, and prostitute your virtue, your honour, and your conscience, all to his corrupt vicious appetite ; and I know it, you may see that I do ; my advice to you is, that you go back, and break your wicked promise, and repent that you made it. I shall give him the same advice presently.

If she was surprized before, she was now confounded, partly with horror at the fact itself, and partly with the shame of its being known. This put her into such confusion, that at first she could not answer a word ; but after a while she said, If you know the gentleman is there, Sir, I will not go, especially since you have such hard thoughts
of

of me: And upon saying this, she turns about, and goes directly back again, and the minister went from her towards the house. As the farmer lived but a very little way from the place where she had stood talking with him, she looked behind her, and saw him go into the house, and the door shut after him.

Any one will naturally suppose, upon her design being frustrated, and being not only disappointed in her wicked pleasures, but exposed and betrayed as she imagined, by her lover, that she went directly home, and there gave vent to her passions with the utmost rage, and with all the resentment that such base treatment could inspire her with.

The gentleman, on the other hand, being extremely disappointed, and not knowing what could be the reason of it, after he had waited a long time, went back to see what was the matter, believing that something had happened very extraordinary.

When he came to the house (she lived it seems with an aunt, whose husband was also dependent upon the young gentleman's father) he enquired for his mistress; but her maid brought him word, that she could not be spoken with.

This answer not being satisfactory, and having refused to be answered by two or three more excuses, she at last sent him word plainly, that she had nothing to say to him; and that she not only would not see him now, but would never see him more.

Surprized with this message, and not able to guess the meaning of it, he goes away; but the next morning writes her a very civil obliging letter, wherein, among abundance of the usual expressions of lovers, he begs to know what he had
done,

done, that he should merit such treatment, and that she would let him into so much at least of the causes of her displeasure, as should put him in a way to clear himself; protesting that he knew not the least step he had taken to disoblige her, except in punctually attending her appointment, and having the mortification of sitting five hours alone, in expectation of her company.

In answer to this, she sent him a long letter, full of reproaches for his vile usage of her, drawing her into a sinful, shameful compliance with him, and then exposing her, and triumphing over her weakness; making her with one hand the pretended object of his amour, and with the other the sport of his companions. She upbraided him with telling her that he sat five hours alone, whereas he had much better company than she could have been; seeing the good Doctor, who had admonished her not to expose herself in meeting him, had given him the same good advice that he had done to her, and so had not made so bad a use of his treachery, in betraying her, as he expected.

She concluded with telling him, it was her happiness that this came to her knowledge, before she had thrown herself into the hands of a traitor; and though he had done her the injustice to boast of her weakness, she thanked God, he triumphed when he had gained but half a victory; that she was infinitely beholden to him for her deliverance, and that it was the only obligation he had ever laid upon her.

He was so surprized with this answer from his mistress, that he could not tell what to make of it, and especially those paragraphs which related to the good Doctor's admonishing her, and being in his company; all which, as he really had known
nothing

nothing of, so he could not guess at the meaning of it. In a word, abundance of letters passed between them, but still she continued using him after the same manner, talked the same stile, about his betraying her, and that he had acted the very part of the devil, first to tempt and then to accuse. She accused him with the many solicitations and protestations of affection, and appealed to him to testify, whether he had made an easy conquest, and whether she had not so long withstood his most incessant assaults; challenged him to tell how long he had courted her, and whether she should have yielded at last but on an honourable capitulation.

He protested that he was greatly surprized at the whole affair, understood not one word of it, abhorred the thought of what she charged with; and, at last, very warmly insisted upon her explaining herself, and that otherwise, as she did him so much injustice, he would do himself justice; for he had heard she had made it too public, and that though he had not done it yet, being tender of her character, yet he could not bear to be treated in this manner, and not know something of the reason of it.

At last he pressed her to let him but speak with her; which, with reluctance, she at last consented to, lest she should be exposed.

At this interview they began to come to an understanding; she owned that she was coming to the place, but that she saw the minister go in just before her, which made her return back again; but did not tell him a word of her discoursing with the minister on the way.

He protested there was no minister came to him, or with him in the house; and afterwards brought
the

the people of the house to testify the same; that he sat all the while in the parlour reading a book, and no creature ever came near him.

This greatly alarmed her; and at last, with much importunity, she told him the whole story of her meeting with the Doctor in the fields, and in a word, that the Doctor told her where she was going, and to whom, that he was there waiting for her, and, which confounded her worse than all, had told her what she was going about; adding, that she had made the promise the night before, and that he, meaning the gentleman, had told him so.

[N. B. In this part she was mistaken, the Doctor said "he had been told of it as soon as she had made the promise;" and she, in her surprize, understood that he said the gentleman told him.

He was so amazed at this heavy charge, and himself in every part so clear of it, that it was impossible for him to comprehend it. He knew not what to make of it, he was sensible that he had never opened his mouth to any one about it; that the farmer or any of his family, knew not a word of it, only that he was to meet her there, as they had frequently done before, and innocently enough; and he could not suppose she would be so weak as to talk of it herself; so that he was still at a loss to imagine what it could be.

A few days furnished him with an opportunity to talk with the minister himself, who came frequently to his father's house; and being one day very free with him, he jested with him, for hindering him of two or three hours very good company.

The

The Doctor answer'd him, he should be very sorry to be guilty of any thing so rude, and desired to know how it could be.

Why, Doctor, says he, we were with some friends very merry at such a house; (insinuating that there was more in company) and such a lady, says he, (naming her) was coming to us, and you met her, and persuaded her to go back again.

Sir, says the Doctor, I have only one satisfaction in the whole story, and that is, that it cannot be true, as I shall soon satisfy you.

Nay, Doctor, says the gentleman, I don't tell it you of my own knowledge.

No, sir, says the Doctor, and I should not have so little respect as to tell you it was false, if you had told it me of your own knowledge.

But do you assure me, says the Gentleman, that it is not true?

I do assure you, says the Doctor, upon my word, that I know nothing of it.

Why, Doctor, says the Gentleman, do you give me your word, that you did not meet her in the fields, next to farmer Gi—'s house on the 11th day of the very last month, being August? for I have it down in black and white here. [He pulls out his pocket-book, and looks for the day of the month.]

Not only on that day, says the Doctor, but I never saw her in those fields, or any other fields, in my life.

Why you, surprize me, Doctor, says the Gentleman—it is impossible.

I appeal to the Lady herself, says the Doctor.

Nay, Doctor, says the Gentleman, if you appeal to her, you must be cast, for I will swear she told me so herself.

This

'This confounded the Doctor for a little while, but he presently recovered himself: Sir, says he, I was going to desire of you, that we might wait upon Mrs. ——— together, and that I might hear it from herself, but upon recollecting all the circumstances, I am very happy in one thing, namely, that let her say so herself, and forty ladies more, I can prove to you, that it is impossible it should be true.

That will indeed put an end to it all, says the Gentleman, but how can you do that?

Why, Sir, says the Doctor, are you sure she does not give you a wrong day?

No, no, says the Gentleman, I have reason why it can't be a mistake of the day, for I have a memorandum of the day upon a remarkable occasion. [He had set it down in his book upon the occasion of his being disappointed.]

And is it not the lady's mistake then, says the Doctor, for you know women are not always the exactest in their accounts of days, nor months, unless it be on worse accounts than what I imagine you were to meet about.

Well, Doctor, says the Gentleman, but I am sure of the day, for I have it in my book.

Nay, if it was mistaken a day or two, says the Doctor, it matters not, for, as I said before, I never saw her in the fields in my life, or, if I might see her among other people, I am sure I never spoke to her. But besides, Sir, I tell you, this cannot be true, for I was at London all the last month, 'till the 27th day, so that 'tis impossible.

Here the discourse necessarily broke off: The Gentleman was loth to discover his surprize, but told him he would inquire farther into it; and upon that he returns immediately back to the lady,

and reproaches her a little with forming such a story to pick a quarrel, but did not tell her that he had been with the minister; only, as he might easily know by other circumstances, that the Doctor was out of town, he told her, that he would not have charged her with such a thing in such harsh terms, if he was not, upon looking back a little into things, come to a certainty, that it was not only false, but that it was impossible to be true.

They had a long dialogue upon that head; and as he did not presently tell her the circumstances, thinking he had the advantage of her, he jested with her pretty smartly upon it; seemed to laugh, that she should first put the trick upon him, and then tell such a formal story to make it good, to excuse her breach of promise, and that not a word of truth was in it.

She received his making a jest of it with disdain, and told him, she began now to discover what kind of man she was so near being ruined by; and that she should have been in good hands indeed, that could pretend to banter her thus; that she should have been finely used, if the good minister had not been sent from heaven to save her from being doubly undone.

In this state of perplexity they both remained, 'till the young gentleman informed her he could bring the farmer and all his family, to prove that the Doctor had not been there that day, nor for five months before; and the boy should testify that he never saw him, nor opened the door to let him in.

Well, Sir, says she, now you come close to the point; pray let all this be done: But let me ask

ask you one question : Do you think I know Dr. ———, our minister ?

Yes, Madam, says he, I believe you know him well enough. and that makes me wonder at you the more.

Well, and do you think my maid Mary knows him, says she.

Yes, says he, I believe she does ; for she was born in the town.

Well, says she, then I have one witness of my side ; you shall hear what she says.

Why, Madam, says he, was Mary with you ?

You shall hear presently, says she. [She rings a little bell, and in comes her maid.]

Mistress. Mary, don't you remember you walk'd out into the fields with me one day last month ?

Mary. What, when you went to farmer Gi—'s, Madam, and sent me back again ?

Mist. Yes ; don't you remember you would have fain gone farther ?

Ma. Yes, Madam, I was afraid you should go over the last field alone.

Mist. But what did I say to you, Mary ?

Ma. Why, you would make me go back ; by the same token we saw our minister, Dr. ———, coming after us, and you said the Doctor would see you safe ; and so I came away contented when I saw him.

Mist. Are you sure 'twas the Doctor, Mary ?

Ma. Sure, Madam ! yes : why he spoke to me.

Mist. What did he say to you ?

Ma. He said, How d'ye do, Mrs. Mary ? and touch'd his hat, just as he us'd to.

Well, Sir, says she, then you see I was not drunk, neither did I walk in my sleep. If it were convenient, I would send for the Doctor

this minute, and he should tell you what he said to me.

Convenient, or not convenient, says he, I'll send for him, or go to him; for I am determined to find it out. You shall see I can talk to the Doctor, and that before your face; and yet he shall know nothing of the matter about which we were to meet.

I know a little too much of that, says she: he know nothing of it! *smiling.*

This put him almost out of temper, and he at last added the whole story, and told her that he had talked with the Doctor already, and that he solemnly protested he knew nothing of it, and had never seen her or spoken to her for so long a time, naming the time when he spoke last to her; he likewise told her what the Doctor said of his having been at London three weeks together when this happened.

She began to be amazed, and a little confounded at this; but recovering herself, she told him, that if the Doctor was there himself, she had a direct answer to give him, for she was not a papist, to believe a priest against her own senses.

What answer can you give, Madam, says he, when the Doctor shall prove by twenty witnesses, if need were, that he was at London, almost a hundred miles off, all the while?

Why, my answer would be this, that 'twas either he or the devil.

Well then it was the devil, says he; I won't dispute that with you, Madam.

No, no, says she, I can satisfy you that it could not be the devil; I can convince you, you will acknowledge it presently: Do you think the devil

vil would have turned me back again, when he knew the dreadful errand I was going on?

Nay, says he calmly, I confess that's the best thing you have said yet; who then could it be? says he, for 'tis plain it could not be the doctor.

Then, says she, it must be some heavenly appearance in the doctor's cloths; for I not only knew his face and his voice, but his very gown; and if it was a good angel, I have the more reason to be thankful that he hindered me from running into the arms of the devil; she then burst into tears.

After having this discourse they parted, for he was a little daunted himself.

But my story does not end here, for a little while after, something happened that explained all the rest. The lady had a visit to pay at a neighbour's house, who lived a little out of the town, only over one small inclosure, which she was obliged to cross; now as she was going over that inclosure, who should she meet but the doctor again? and she saw him a good while before he came up to her.

She was surpris'd at seeing him, and if she could have avoided him she would, but it was impossible. When he came up to her, he pulled off his hat very courteously, and immediately began to discourse of what he had said to her before; but took no notice at all of its having been denied.

Sir, says she, I have been very ill used upon that day's work.

I know it, says he, I know it, repeating the words: but your innocence shall be cleared up, and I will do it myself; do you be thankful that you escaped the snare. And so, giving her no

time to answer, he passed by her, without taking any farewell; which being a little particular, made her turn her head to look after him: but though it was in the middle of the field, which was too large for him to be suddenly out of sight, (for it was scarcely a second of time) he was gone, and she saw nothing.

She was exceedingly surprized, and ready to sink into the ground; she was so frightened that she could not help sitting down even upon the grass; for her joints trembled under her, so that she could not stand.

It happened that a poor woman from the town came across the close at the juncture, and knowing her, she called to her to come and help her up. She did not tell the woman what had happened to her, but that she was taken with a fit of trembling, and that if she had not sat down, she must have fallen down, all which was true; so the poor woman helped her up, and led her home, where she continued very ill of the fright for several days.

In this time she had a very great desire to see the gentleman, for by what the apparition said to her, she made no doubt but he had seen it too.

After some time, he had heard that she was very ill, and thinking what he had said to her might have had some influence upon her, so as to hurt her, he resolved to go and see her; for tho' he had ruffled her pretty much, yet as he said afterwards, he loved her very well, and the better for so seasonably recovering her virtue and good principles; and much better than he believed he should have done, if he had met her that time at the farmer's house, and gained his point.

With

With these kind thoughts he went to visit her; and though she was very ill, yet she would be brought out of her chamber to see him.

After some civilities, he frankly told her the reason of his visit, word for word as above, and that he came to cheer her up a little.

She thanked him; but told him, it was true that it had extremely troubled her, to think first how near she had been to her utter ruin, and then how needlessly she had been exposed for it; and that though she had no guilt, as he very well knew, other than that which was in her first wickedly consenting to meet him; yet she had been as much exposed as if she had been really guilty.

He protested to her, that he never had opened his lips of it to the doctor, or any one else; and that it was his resentment at charging him with it, that had made him so angry, and nothing else; for that he scorned any thing so base.

She told him, it was impossible for any one to believe otherwise before; but that she believed he was satisfied how it all was now; and that something had happened since, which had opened her eyes, though it had almost killed her; and she believed he knew something of it too.

He wanted to know what it was, for he protested he knew nothing. What, says he, are there any more mysteries?

She said, she could not tell them, because she supposed he would not believe her.

He answered, he would believe her in every thing, that he ought to believe.

She told him, she believed there would be no occasion to tell him, for that she did not doubt but

he would be informed the same way that she was, if he was not already.

He importuned her earnestly to let him know what it was ; and spake with such a serious kind of discourse, that she fancied he had seen something too ; but it seems he had not : However, he intreated her so much, that at last she let him know the whole story, as above related.

There is a great deal more belonging to this story, which would be very diverting, and not without its uses too ; but as the particular relation does not come within the verge of my knowledge, I cannot vouch all the particulars, at least not sufficiently.

However, it is enough to the case in hand : If the apparition came to prevent this poor deluded young lady from prostituting herself to a man that had wheedled her in upon such dishonourable terms, it could not certainly be the devil, or any spirit of his class, or under his government and direction ; for he would never have exhorted her to go back, or reproached her with the crime, and prevailed upon her to believe it had been revealed to him by the treachery of her lover.

This must be certainly one of those angelic guards, which the God of Nature, in mercy to mankind, has placed as a detached body of spirits to counteract the devil, prevent the arch-enemy from seducing his creatures, and overwhelming the world with crimes, and a merciful disposition of providence in favour of the gentleman, as well as the lady. They that are running the same course of folly would have reason to be very thankful, if they were sure to meet with the same kind

kind of disappointment, and would never say it was the devil that told it them.—*Shepherd's Sermons on Angels.*

The gentleman, it seems, did not flight the story so much as the lady expected he would, nor did he question the truth of any part of it; for she told it with so much steadiness, always agreeing in every particular, and gave such concurring accounts of the circumstances, as to what had happened before, that it was apparently no delusion.

Now this apparition, as is said above, could not with any manner of reason be supposed to be the devil; for why should an evil spirit appear, to keep any person from doing evil? Why should it assume a real shape, namely, that of a minister in his gown and cassock, and that it was in appearance the very minister of the parish; for all this she constantly affirmed, and two things are natural inferences from it,

First, that the appearance was real.

Secondly, that it was a good spirit.

Let the divines read us lectures upon the nature of spirits, and how far they can or cannot take cognizance of human affairs; that I have nothing to do with here: my business is to observe the matter of fact, viz. that they do come hither, do appear, and are seen, talked to, and conversed with, and that they do come on good errands, and therefore are not likely to be evil spirits or devils.—*Calmet on Apparitions, Spectres, &c.* 8vo.

I shall give another historical relation, which, though no names are mentioned, I have very good authority for the truth of.

*Apparition to a wicked Mother-in-law, and others,
to preserve the right Heir from being cut off.*

A gentleman possessed of a very good estate married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one son and one daughter. After a few years, this lady died. He then married a second wife, tho' of inferior quality and fortune to the former, who took upon her to discourage and discountenance the children he had by his first lady, and made the family very uncomfortable, both to the children and their father also.

The first misunderstanding between the parties, was owing to his eldest son's desire of going abroad, which the mother-in-law would gladly have acquiesced in, for the sake of getting rid of the young gentleman, on any account (as she had children of her own), but did not approve of the father's supporting him abroad, as it might be too expensive. The young gentleman not obtaining leave, applied to his own mother's brother, who countenancing him in his design, he set out for his intended journey, contrary to the intention of his father.

What part of the world he travelled into, I do not remember; it seems his father constantly had intelligence from him for some time, and had been prevailed on to make him a reasonable allowance for his subsistence, which the young gentleman always drew bills for, and they were honourably paid; but after some time, the mother-in-law prevailing at home, one of his bills of exchange was refused, and being protested, was sent back without acceptance; upon which he drew no more, nor did he write any more letters, or his father
hear

hear any thing from him for upwards of four years, or thereabouts.

Upon this long silence, the mother-in-law made her advantage several ways : she first intimated to his father that he must needs be dead ; and, consequently, his estate should be settled upon her eldest son, (for she had several children.) His father withstood the motion very firmly, but the wife harrassed him with her importunities ; and she argued upon two points against him, I mean the son.

First, If he was dead, then there was no room to object, her son being heir at law.

Secondly, If he was not dead, his behaviour to his father, in not writing for so long a time, was inexcusable, and he ought to resent it, and settle the estate as if he were dead ; that nothing could be more disobedient, and his father ought to depend upon it that he was actually dead, and treat him as if he was so ; for he that would use a father so, should be taken for one dead, as to his filial relation, and be treated accordingly.

His father however stood out for a long time, and told her, that he could not answer it to his conscience ; for that there might happen many things in the world, which might render his son unable to write ; that he might be taken by the Turks, and carried into slavery ; or he might be among the Persians or Arabians (which it seems was the case) and so could not get any letters conveyed ; and that he could not be satisfied to disinherit him, till he knew whether he had reason for it, or whether his son had offended him or not.

These answers, however just, were far from stopping her importunities, which she carried on

so far, that she was perpetually teasing him ; and the gentleman was so wearied out with it, that once or twice he came to a kind of consent to do it ; but his heart failing him, he as often relented.

However, her restless solicitations at last produced this provisional agreement ; that if he did not hear from his son within four years, he would consent to a re-settling the estate.

She was not well satisfied with this conditional agreement, but being able to obtain no other, was obliged to accept of it as it was ; though, as she often told him, she was far from being satisfied with it as to time.

He grew angry at her telling him so, and answered, that she ought to be very well satisfied with it, for that it was time little enough, as his son's circumstances might happen to be.

Well, she teased him however so continually, that at last she brought him down to one year : but before she brought him to that, she told him one day in a heat, that she hoped his ghost would one time or other appear to him, and tell him, that he was dead, and that he ought to do justice to his other children, for he should never come to claim the estate.

When he came, so much against his will, to consent to shorten the time to one year, he told her, that he hoped his son's ghost, though he was not dead, would come to her, and tell her he was alive, before the time expired ; for why, says he, may not injured souls walk while embodied, as well as afterwards ?

It happened one evening after this, that they had a most violent family quarrel upon this subject, when on a sudden a hand appeared at a casement,

ment, endeavouring to open it; but as all the iron casements, used in former times, opened outward, but hasped or fastened themselves in the inside; so the hand seemed to try to open the casement, but could not. The gentleman did not see it, but his wife did, and she presently started up, as if she was frightened; and, forgetting the quarrel they had upon their hands, Lord bless me! says she, there are thieves in the garden. Her husband ran immediately to the door of the room they sat in, and opening it, looked out.

There's nobody in the garden, says he; so he shut the door again, and came back.

I am sure, says she, I saw a man there.

It must be the devil then, says he; for I am sure there's nobody in the garden.

I'll swear, says she, I saw a man put his hand up to open the casement; but finding it fast, and I suppose, adds she, seeing us in the room, he walked off.

It is impossible he could be gone, says he; did not I run to the door immediately? and you know the garden walls on both sides hinder him from escaping.

Pry thee, says she angrily, I am not drunk, nor in a dream; I know a man when I see him, and it is not dark, the sun is not quite down.

You are only frightened with shadows, says he, very full of ill-nature; folks generally are so that are haunted with an evil conscience; it may be 'twas the devil.

No, no, I'am not soon frightened, says she; if 'twas the devil, 'twas the ghost of your son; who perhaps may be come to tell you he was gone to the devil, and you might give your estate to your
eldest

eldest bastard, since you won't settle it on the lawful heir.

If it was my son, says he, he is come to tell us he is alive, I warrant you; and to ask how you can be so much a devil to desire me to disinherit him; and with these words, "Alexander, says he aloud, repeating it twice, and starting up out of his chair, if you are alive, shew yourself, and don't let me be insulted thus every day with your being dead."

At those very words, the casement which the hand had been seen at by the mother, opened of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a full face, and staring directly upon the mother with an angry countenance, cried out, *here*; and then vanished in a moment.

The woman, who was so spirited before, shrieked out in a most dismal manner, so as to alarm the whole house; her maid ran into the parlour, to see what was the matter; but her mistress had fainted away in her chair.

Her husband ran immediately from the parlour into the garden, and from thence to two other doors which opened out of his garden, one into the stable-yard, and another into the field beyond the garden, but found them all fast shut and barred; returning into the garden, he found his gardener and a boy drawing a rolling-stone: he asked them if any body else had been in the garden, but they both solemnly affirmed, that no body had been there; and they were both rolling a gravel walk near the house.

Upon this, he came into the room, sat him down again, and said not one word for a good while; the women and servants being busy all the

the while, and in a hurry, endeavouring to recover his wife.

After some time she came to herself so far as to speak, and the first words she said were,

Lord bless me ! what was it ?

Nay, says her husband, 'twas Alexander to be sure.

With that she fell into a fit, and screamed and shrieked out again most terribly.

Her husband, not thinking that would have affected her, did what he could to persuade her out of it again, but that would not do ; and they were obliged to carry her to bed, and get some help to her ; but she continued very ill for several days after.

However, this put an end for some considerable time to her solicitations about his disinheriting her son-in-law.

But time, that hardens the mind in cases of a worse nature, wore this off also by degrees, and she began to revive the old cause again, though not at first so eagerly as before.

Nay, he used her a little severely upon it too, and if ever they had any words about it, he would bid her hold her tongue ; or that, if she talked any more upon the subject, he would call Alexander again to open the casement.

This aggravated things much ; and though it terrified her a great while, yet at length she was so exasperated, that she told him she believed he dealt with the devil, and that he had sold himself to the devil, only to be able to frighten his wife.

He jested with her, and told her, any man would be beholden to the devil to hush a noisy woman, and that he was very glad he had found a way to do it ; whatever it cost him.

She

She was so exasperated at this, that she threatened him, if he played any more of his hellish arts with her, she would have him indicted for a wizard, and having a familiar spirit; and she could prove it, she said, plain enough; for that he had raised the devil on purpose to frighten his wife.

The fray parted that night with ill words, and ill nature enough; but he little thought she intended as she said, and the next day he had forgot it all, and was as good humoured as if nothing had happened.

But he found his wife chagrined and disturbed very much, full of resentment, and threatening him with what she resolved to do.

However, he little thought she intended him the mischief she had in her head, and offered to talk friendly to her, but she rejected it with scorn, and told him she would be as good as her word; for she would not live with a man that should bring the devil into the room whenever he thought proper, in order to murder his wife.

He strove to pacify her by fair words, but she told him she was in earnest with him; and in a word she was in earnest, for she went away to a justice, and made an affidavit that her husband had a familiar spirit, and that she went in danger of her life, so obtained a warrant to apprehend him.

In short she brought home the warrant, shewed it her husband, and told him, she had not given it into the hands of an officer, because he should have the liberty to go voluntarily before the justice of the peace; and if he thought fit to let her know when he would be ready, she would be so too, and would get some of her own friends to go along with her.

He

He was surprized at this, for he little thought she had been in earnest with him, and endeavoured to pacify her by all possible means; she did this to frighten him, and so indeed she had; for though the thing had nothing in it of guilt, yet he found it might expose him very much, and being loth to have such a thing brought upon the stage against him, he used all the intreaties with her that he was able and begged her not to do it.

But the more he humbled himself, the more she triumphed over him, and carrying things to an unsufferable height of insolence, she told him at last, she would make him do justice, as she called it, that she was sure she could have him punished, if he continued obstinate, and she would not be exposed to witchcraft and sorcery, for she did not know to what length he might carry it.

To bring the story to a conclusion; she got the better of him to such a degree, that he offered to refer the thing to indifferent persons, friends on both sides; and they met several times, but could bring it to no conclusion. His friends said, there was nothing in it, and they would not have him comply with any thing upon the pretence of it; that he called for his son, and somebody opened the casement and cried *Here*; that there was not the least evidence of witchcraft in that, and insisted that she could make nothing of it.

Her friends carried it high, instructed by her: She offered to swear, that he had threatened her before with his son's ghost; that now he had visibly raised a spectre, for that calling upon his son, who was dead to be sure, the ghost immediately appeared; that he could not have called on the
devil

devil thus to personate his son, if he had not dealt with the devil himself, and had a familiar spirit, and that this was of dangerous consequence to her.

Upon the whole, the man wanted courage to stand it, and was afraid of being exposed; so that he was grievously perplexed, and knew not what to do.

When she found him humbled as much as she could desire, she told him, if he would do her justice, as she called it, (that is to say, settle his estate upon her son) she would put it up, on condition that he would promise to frighten her no more with raising the devil.

That part of the proposal exasperated him again, and he upbraided her with the slander of it, and told her he defy'd her, and she might do her worst.

Thus it broke off all treaty, and she began to threaten him again; however at length she brought him to comply, and he gave a writing under his hand to her, some of her friends being by, promising that he would comply, if his son did not arrive or send an account of himself, within four months.

She was satisfied with this, and they were all made friends again, and accordingly he gave her the writing; but when he delivered it to her, in the presence of her two arbitrators, he took the liberty to say to her, with a grave and solemn kind of speech:

“Look you, you have worried me into this agreement by your fiery temper, and I have signed it against justice, conscience, and reason; but depend upon it I shall never perform it.”

One of the arbitrators said, Why, sir, this is doing nothing; for if you resolve not to perform it, what signifies the writing? Why do you promise

wife what you do not intend shall be done? This will but kindle a new flame to begin with, when the time fixed expires.

Why, says he, I am satisfied in my mind, that my son is alive.

Come, come, says his wife, speaking to the gentleman that had argued with her husband, let him sign the agreement, and let me alone to make him perform the conditions.

Well, says the husband, you shall have the writing, and you shall be let alone, but I am satisfied you will never ask me to perform it; and yet I am no wizard, adds he, as you have wickedly suggested.

She replied, that she would prove that he dealt with the devil, for that he raised an evil spirit by only calling his son by his name, and so began to tell the story of the hand and the casement.

Come, says the husband to the gentleman that was her friend, give me the pen; I never dealt with but one devil in my life, and there it fits, turning to his wife, and now I have made an agreement with her, that none but the devil would desire any man to sign, and I will sign it: I say, give me the pen; but she, nor all the devils in hell, will ever be able to get it executed, remember I say so.

She began to open at him; and so a new flame would have been kindled, had not the gentleman moderated between them; and her husband setting his hand to the writing, put an end to the fray for that time.

At the end of four months, she challenged the performance; accordingly a day was appointed, and her two friends, that had been the arbitrators, were invited to dinner upon this occasion, believ-
ling.

ing that her husband would have executed the deeds; and accordingly the writings were all brought forth, engrossed, and read over; and some old writings which at her marriage were signed by her trustees, in order to her quitting some part of the estate to her son, were also brought to be cancelled. The husband being brought over, by fair means or foul, I know not whether, to be in a humour for peace sake to execute the deeds, and disinherit his son; alledging that, if indeed he was dead it was no wrong to him, and if he was alive, he was very unkind and undutiful to his father in not letting him hear from him in all that time.

Besides, it was urged, that if he should at any time afterwards appear to be alive, his father (who had very much increased, it seems, in his wealth) was able to give him another fortune, and to make him a just satisfaction for the loss he should sustain by the paternal estate.

Upon these considerations, I say, they had brought over the poor low-spirited husband to be almost willing to comply; or at least, willing or unwilling, it was to be done, and (as above) they met accordingly.

When they had discoursed upon all the particulars, and (as above) the new deeds were read over, she or her husband took up the old writings to cancel them; I think the story says, it was the wife, not her husband, that was just going to tear off the seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour where they sat, as if somebody had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and went through the room towards the garden door, which was shut.

They were all surprized at it, for it was very distinct, but they saw nothing. The woman
turned

turned pale, and was in a terrible fright; however, as nothing was seen, she recovered a little, and began to ruffle her husband again.

What, says she, have you laid your plot to bring up more devils again?

The man sat composed though he was under no little surprize too.

One of the gentlemen said to him, What is the meaning of all this?

I protest, Sir, says he, I know no more of it, than you do.

What can it be then? said the other gentleman.

I cannot conceive, says he, for I am utterly unacquainted with such things.

Have you heard nothing from your son? says the gentleman.

Not one word, says the father, no, not the least word these five years.

Have you wrote nothing to him, says the gentleman, about this transaction?

Not a word, says he, for I know not where to direct a letter to him.

Sir, says the gentleman, I have heard much of apparitions, but I never saw any in my life, nor did I ever believe there was any thing of reality in them; and indeed I saw nothing now: but the passing of some body, or spirit, or something, cross the room just now, is plain; I heard it distinctly. I believe there is some unseen thing in the room, as much as if I saw it.

Nay, says the other arbitrator, I felt the wind of it as it passed by me. Pray, adds he, turning to the husband, do you see nothing yourself?

No, upon my word, says he, not the least appearance in the world.

I have

I have been told, says the first arbitrator, and have read, that an apparition may be seen by some people, and be invisible to others, though all in the same room together.

However, the husband solemnly protested to them all, that he saw nothing.

Pray, Sir, says the first arbitrator, have you seen any thing at any other time, or heard any voices or noises, or had any dreams about this matter?

Indeed, says he, I have several times dreamt my son was alive, and that I had spoken with him; and once that I asked him, why he was so undutiful, and slighted me so, as not to let me hear from him in so many years, seeing he knew that I had it in my power to disinherit him.

Well, Sir. and what answer did he give?

I never dreamed so far on as to have him answer; it always waked me.

And what do you think of it yourself, says the arbitrator, do you think he is dead?

No, indeed, says the father, I do believe in my conscience he is alive, as much as I believe I am alive myself, and I am going to do as wicked a thing of the kind as ever any man did.

Truly, says the second arbitrator, it begins to shock me; I don't know what to say to it; I don't care to meddle any more with it; I don't like driving men to act against their consciences.

With this the wife, who as I said before, having a little recovered her spirits, and especially encouraged because she saw nothing, started up; What's all this discourse to the purpose, says she, is it not already agreed upon? what do we come here for?

Nay.

Nay, says the first arbitrator, I think we meet now not to enquire into why it is done; but to execute things according to agreement, and what are we frightened at?

I am not frightened says the wife, not I, come, says she to her husband haughtily, sign the deed, I'll cancel the old writings, if forty devils were in the room; and with that she takes up one of the deeds, and went to tear off the seal.

That moment the same casement flew open again, though it was fast in the inside, just as it was before; and the shadow of a body was seen, as standing in the garden without, and the head reaching up to the casement, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern and an angry countenance: *Hold*, said the spectre, as if speaking to the woman, and immediately clap'd the casement to again, and vanished.

It is impossible to describe here the consternation this second apparition put the whole company into; the wife who was so bold just before, that she would do it though forty devils were in the room, skreamed out, fell into fits, and let the writing fall out of her hands: The two arbitrators were exceedingly terrified, but not so much as the rest; but one of them took up the award which they had signed, in which they awarded the husband to execute the deed, to dispose of the estate from the son.

I dare say, said he, be the spirit a good spirit or a bad one, it will not be against cancelling this; so he tore his name out of the award, so did the other, by his example, and both of them got up from their seats, and said they would have no more to do in it.

But

But that which was most unexpected of all was, that the man himself was so frightened, that he fainted away; notwithstanding it was, as it might be said, in his favour.

This put an end to the whole affair at that time; and, as I understand by the sequel, it did so for ever.

The story has many particulars more in it, too long to trouble the reader with, but two particulars, which are to the purpose, I must not omit, viz.

That in about four or five months more after the second apparition, the man's son arrived from the East-Indies, whither he had gone four years before in a Portuguese ship from Lisbon. That upon being particularly enquired of about these things, and especially whether he had not knowledge of them, or any apparition to him, or other extraordinary intimation concerning what was machinating against him here at home; he constantly affirmed that he had not, only that he once dreamt his father had written him a very angry letter, threatening him, that if he did not come home, he would disinherit him, and cut him off with a single shilling. This he added, had a great impression upon him and gave him serious cause of thoughtfulness, and was one of the principal reasons of his desire to return to England by the first opportunity.—Both these stories are taken from Moreton's History of Apparitions.

C H A P. III.

Apparition of a Ghost to a Miller to discover a hidden murder. Of one Mr. Bower, of Guildford, to a Highwayman in prison. Of Dr. Farrar's daughter to her father. Of Mr. Watkinson to his daughter. Remarkable occurrence to a Clergyman in Lancashire, discovering a murder.

Apparition of a Ghost to a Miller to discover a hidden murder. From Webster on Witchcraft, 8vo. 1678.

ABOUT the year of our Lord, 1632, (as near as I can remember) near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child; and was towards the dark of the evening, one night sent away with one Mark Sharpe, who was a collier, or one that digged coals underground, and one that had been born in Blakburn.

Hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and little or no noise, was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, or Grime, (for so in that country they call them) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and at about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down stairs, having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head hanging down all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her, who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, until I was brought to bed, and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.

And accordingly, said the Apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor (naming a place that the miller knew) slew me with a pick, (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank: and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there. And the Apparition further told the Miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him. The Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but chewed

chewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful Apparition.

But notwithstanding, one night, when it began to be dark, the Apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas-eve, before Christmas, when, being after sun-set, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller. Whereupon Walker, and Mark Sharpe were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following (I think it was Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some who reported, that the apparition did appear to the judge, or the foreman of the jury, (who was alive at Chester-in-the-Street, about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed.

The appearing of the Ghost of one Mr. Bower of Guilford, to an Highwayman in Prison, as is set down in a Letter of Dr. Ezekias Burton, to Dr. H. More, and inserted in his Works.

About ten years ago one Mr. Bower, an ancient man, living at Guilford in Surry, was upon the highway not far from that place, found newly murdered, very barbarously, having one great cut across the throat, and another down his breast. Two men were seized upon suspicion, and put into goal at Guildford, to another, who had before been committed for robbing, as I suppose. That night this third man was awakened about one of the clock, and greatly terrified with an old man, who had a great gash across his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand on his back. Thus he appeared, but said nothing. The thief calls to his new companions, they grumbled at him but made no answer.

In the morning he retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same purpose again, and they told him it was nothing but his phantasy. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of this apparition, that he told others of it, and it came to the ears of my friend Mr. Reading, justice of peace in Surry, and cousin to the gentleman that was murdered.

He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him in the first place whether he was born or had lived about Guildford? To which he answered

swered, no. Secondly, he enquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town, or of the neighbourhood? He replied that he was a stranger to all thereabout. Then he enquired if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower? He said no. After this he examined him for what cause those other two men were imprisoned. To which he answered he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

After these preliminary interrogatories he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night? Which he immediately did, exactly according to the relation he had heard, and I gave before. And withal described the old gentleman so by his picked beard, and that he was, as he called it, rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs of his face were black and white, and that Mr. Reading faith he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower, than this was. He told the highwayman that he must give him his oath, (though that would signify little from such a rogue) to which the man readily consented, and took his oath before a justice of all this.

Mr. Reading being a very discreet man concealed this story from the jury at the assizes, as knowing that this would be no evidence according to our law. However the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances. One of which was, that those two men had washed their cloaths, and that some stains of blood remained. Another, that one of them had denied he ever heard that Mr. Bower was dead, when he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon these and such like evidences those two were condemned and executed, but denied it to the last.

But one of them said the other could clear him if he would, which the by-standers understood not.

After some time a tinker was hanged (where, the gentleman has forgot) who at his death said, that the murder of Mr. Bower at Guildford was his greatest trouble. For he had a hand in it; he confessed he struck him a blow on the back which fetched him from his horse, and when he was down, those other men that were arraigned and executed for it cut his throat and rifled him. This is the first story which I had from Mr. Reading himself, who is a very honest prudent person, and not credulous.

The appearing of the Ghost of the Daughter of Dr. Farrar to him after her death, according to a brief Narrative sent from Mr. Edward Fowler, to Dr. H. More, Ann. 1678, May 11.

This week Mr. Pearson, who is a worthy good minister of this city of London, told me, that his wife's grandfather, a man of great piety, and a physician to the present king, his name Farrar, nearly related (I think brother) to the famous Mr. Farrar of little Giddon, I say this gentleman and his daughter (Mrs. Pearson's mother, a very pious soul) made a compact at his intreaty that the first of them that died, if happy, should after death appear to the survivor, if it were possible; the daughter with some difficulty consenting thereto.

Some

Some time after, the daughter who lived at Gillingham Lodge, two miles from Salisbury, fell in labour, and by a mistake being given a noxious potion instead of another prepared for her, suddenly died.

Her father lived in London, and that very night she died she opened his curtains and looked upon him. He had before heard nothing of her illness; but upon this apparition confidently told his maid, that his daughter was dead, and two days after received the news. Her grandmother told Mrs. Pearson this, as did also an uncle of hers, and the abovesaid maid, and this Mrs. Pearson I know, and she is a very prudent and good woman.

Of the appearing of Mr. Watkinson's Ghost to his Daughter Toppam, contained in a Letter of Mrs. Taylor, of the Ford by St. Neots, to Dr. Ezekias Burton.

S I R,

My service to you and your lady; now according to your desire I shall write what my cousin told me. Her name was Mary Watkinson, her father did live in Smithfield, but she was married to one Francis Toppam, and she did live in York with her husband, being an ill one, who did steal her away against her parents consent, so that they could not abide him. But she came often to them, and when she was last with him, upon their parting, she expressed that she feared she should never see him more. He answered her, if he

should die, if ever God did permit the dead to see the living, he would see her again. Now after he had been buried about half a year, on a night when she was in bed, but could not sleep, she heard music, and the chamber grew lighter and lighter, and she being broad awake, saw her father stand at her bedside, who said Mal, did not I tell thee that I would see thee once again. She called him father, and talked of many things, and he bade her be patient and dutiful to her mother. And when she told him that she had a child since he did die, he said that would not trouble her long. He bade her speak what she would now to him, for he must go, and that he should never see her more till they met in the kingdom of heaven. So the chamber grew darker and darker, and he was gone with music. And she said that she did never dream of him, nor ever did see any apparition of him after.

He was a very honest godly man as far as I can tell.

A remarkable Occurrence that happened in Lancashire, which was related by a Clergyman of that Place, extracted from Moreton, who took it from Dr. H. More.

In the northern part of England (I think Lancashire, for I had the story from a clergyman of that country) the minister before he began to read prayers

prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the banns of marriage. He opened it, and saw written in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport, "That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, had robbed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard." The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily, if he had placed any paper in the prayer-book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk, and the sexton of the church.

The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared thereon, but it was a plain piece of white paper! The justice on that accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must certainly have been distempered, when he imagined such strange contents upon a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest entreaties prevailed on the justice, to grant his warrant against the clerk and sexton; who were taken up on suspicion, and separately confined and examined, when so many contradictions appeared in their examination; for the sexton, who kept an alehouse, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there, that it was thought proper to search their houses, in which were found several pieces of gold, and goods belonging to men that travel the country; yet they gave so tolerable an ac-

count of these, that no positive proof could be made out, till the clergyman, recollecting, that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory, the place was searched, and the body was found: on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice, and they were both accordingly executed.





C H A P. IV.

*Of the different natures of apparitions ; how we
we should behave to them ; when to be afraid
of, or concerned about them, and when not ;
with some remarkable stories.*



DANGER may be the reason of caution ; but guilt only is the reason of fear. Caution is the mind's just regard to the evil in view ; but fear is the horror of the soul, in apprehension of some farther evil yet out of view ; unseen, and therefore terrible ; merited, and therefore dreadful.

If there was no guilt in the mind, death itself would be no evil, and therefore not the subject of our fear ; nor is death itself our fear now, as it is in itself a mere passing out of life, otherwise than as it is an inlet of some terrible state beyond it. It is not what we pass out of, that is the bitterness, but what we pass into ; not what we part with, but what the exchange will be ; not the leap out

of light, but the leap into the dark: and, to come nearer to it, the thought of what is beyond death is only made better or worse by what we know on this side of it: The dread of what is to come, is founded on our conscious sense of what is past.

This state beyond death is made our terror, as we expect in it the punishment of offences, a retribution for an ill-spent life, and as we have upon our minds a sense of guilt; that is to say, a conscience of having ill-spent our past time, and dreading the justice of the superior hand, in whom is the power of rewards and punishments. Now to bring it to the case in hand.

All apparition is looked upon as a something coming, or sent to us, from that state of being which is beyond death, and therefore is viewed with the same terror and fright, which we are seized with at the thoughts of death itself.

Mr. Bolton, on the power of spirits, &c. says, "The soul of man is an immaterial substance, or spirit, having a power or faculty of thinking, reasoning, and receiving ideas of external objects, and also of communicating the same to another (the soul of man being reckoned of the second degree of spirits, angelic spirits of the first degree.)" "And this capacity also (says Mr. Locke, in his essay) God has given us of discerning our state and station, until it shall please him to translate us to his celestial mansions of glory."

Hence, if we could consider calmly the nature of the apparition which we see, we might presently know whether we had reason to be terrified at the apparition. If the apparition comes with a message of peace, if it reprehends with kindness and tenderness, if it admonishes with gentleness, and gives advice to amend and reform,

it certainly comes from a good hand, and we need be under no concern at all about it, because it has no evil in itself.

If it come in all its threatening postures, ghastly as the devil can make it, horrible as himself in person; yet, were there no guilt, there would be no fear from the apparition, or even from the devil appearing in person; because we should know ourselves to be out of his power.

As then the good or evil of the message, which the apparition brings, distinguishes the apparition itself, and tells us of what kind it is; so are our minds calculated to receive it; for knowing the guiltiness of our own conscience, a due impression is made thereon by the appearance of a messenger, whether a kind or evil genius.

Mr. Aubery gives us the story, in his *Miscellanea*, of the apparition to Cassio Burroughs, Esq. in the time of King Charles I. which I shall here relate, in order to support my argument.

“ Sir John Burroughs being sent Envoy to the Emperor by King Charles I. took his eldest son Cassio Burroughs along with him; and pursuing his journey through Italy, left his son at Florence to learn the language; where, having an intrigue with a beautiful courtesan, mistress to the Grand Duke, their familiarity became so public, that it came to the Duke’s ear, who took a resolution to have him murdered; but Cassio having had timely notice of the Duke’s design, by some of the English there, immediately left the city, without acquainting his mistress of it, and came to England; whereupon the Duke, being disappointed of his revenge, fell upon his mistress in the most reproachful language: she, on the other hand, resenting the sudden departure of her gallant, of whom

whom she was most passionately enamoured, killed herself. At the same moment that she expired, she appeared to Cassio at his lodgings in London. Colonel Remes was then in bed with him, who saw her as well as he, giving him an account of her resentments of his ingratitude to her, in leaving her so suddenly, and exposing her to the fury of the Duke, and not omitting her own tragical exit; adding withal, that he should be slain in a duel; which accordingly happened. And thus she appeared to him frequently, even when his younger brother (who was afterwards Sir John) was in bed with him. As often as she appeared, he would cry out with great shrieking, and trembling of his body, as well as anguish of mind, saying, "O God! here she comes! she comes!" and in this manner she haunted him till he was killed. She appeared to him the morning before he was killed. Some of my acquaintance (says Aubery) have told me, that he was one of the handsomest men in England, and very valiant."

The appearance of this devil, for I can call it no other, had nothing in view but to distress the gentleman: perhaps expecting it should bring him into some fit of desperation, then to destroy himself, as the woman who appeared had done before.

The gentleman whom it appeared to was conscious of his crime; the woman, in whose shape the devil thus harrassed him, was a common woman, with whom he had had an intrigue in Italy: he had not only been dishonest with her, but it seems had been dishonest to her; and the last, with the assistance of the devil, had it seems worked so upon her rage, as to cause her to be her own executioner: and I take the apparition

to be the devil pursuing the same management, and endeavouring to produce the same effect upon him.

Now see the consequence of crimes; the sense of guilt makes this apparition dreadful to him; when it appeared, he trembles, falls into convulsions, cries out, "O God! here she comes!" and, in a word, is in an agony of horror and affright.

Had he only conversed with the lady as a common acquaintance, had he neither been concerned with her, or had done any dishonourable thing by her, he had natural courage to have looked the devil in the face, and boldly have asked, what business she could have with him.

I have read of a story of a very religious lady, who the devil, it seems, had some particular pique at, and set all his stratagems at work to ruin her, both soul and body. He attacked her several ways in covert, as I may call it, that is to say, by laying snares for her of several kinds. But when he found himself steadily resisted by the lady's resolved virtue, modesty and temperance, he attacked her in person with frightful apparitions, assuming ugly and terrible shapes; and once appearing all in fire, with a frightful threatening voice, he told her he was come to fetch her away: the lady summoning all her resolution at the very moment, as if she would fight him: "Resist the devil, says she, and he shall flee from us! Come for me! added she, I'll venture that! for I am sure thou liest, Satan; thou hast nothing to do with me."

The devil called her whore, and told her she loved such a man, who was a married man, and therefore

therefore she intentionally committed whoredom with him, and should be damned.

N. B. It seems the lady had loved that gentleman before he was otherwise engaged by marrying; but never had any affection towards him, or the least acquaintance with him afterwards.

Thou shewest thyself, said she, to be full of subtilty, a real devil, and even malice itself: it is true, I did love that gentleman; and thou didst set him to work to persuade me that he loved me, and to court me with honourable pretensions, and so far gained upon me, that I really loved him; but——

Here he interrupted her, and told her, such a time, says the devil, you wish'd you were a-bed with him; and you are as guilty by wishing to sin, as if you had done it.

Thou art the father of lies, satan, says she, and the father of liars, and thou lyest in this: nay, thou liest like a devil, that is malicious, for thou knowest that it is not true.

You will be damned, says he, and I will take you away this moment.

Thou canst not take me away without God's permission, says she, and he will not give me into thy hands, therefore touch me at thy peril; and with that she fell down on her knees, and cried, "Lord, preserve me from the evil spirit;" with which the devil left her, and walked off.

These are apparitions that may be called apparitions of devils indeed, and by his works you may know him; for this is acting like himself; but where there is no guilt, we need not be afraid of the devil, in whatever shape or figure he thinks to attack us.

This

This lady had never been able to reproach Satan with lying, if what he said had been true; but she knew herself innocent, and that put courage into her soul, that she indeed bullied the devil, defied him, and bade him do his worst.

It seems, the devil rummaged hard to find a crime out to charge this lady with, and came up to her very close; but he was put to his shifts for evidence; for even in collecting all the actions of her life, he could not find any thing of real guilt to load her with.

He attacked her after this in several shapes, and one time he told her she would be damn'd for a hypocrite; for, says he, for all your pretended sanctity, you was in a violent passion at such a time, and you curst your cousin ——, naming her name to her.

She answered, as before, boldly: And Satan, says she, though you are a devil, and cannot be ashamed, yet you are too cunning and too knowing to act like a fool; I was angry, but in no passion; and for my anger I had just cause; but thou wast the cause of the crime, and so of the anger too; for she owned the devil tempted her kinswoman to rob her; so thou hast been the occasion both of her sin, and of my anger.

But you cursed her, and wished the devil (meaning me, says he) might take her.

That's like thee again, devil, says the lady; I was far from wishing thou shouldst take her; I am not so much thy friend as to wish thou shouldst be gratified in any one's ruin. But I told her, indeed, if she did such things, thou wouldst take her away.

But you ly'd in that, says he, for I won't hurt her.

I am

I am sorry, says she, thou art so much her friend.

She is mine already, adds the devil, I shall not do her any harm.

Very well, devil, says she; then I hope I am out of your list, or why else are you raging at me?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall be mine quickly, as well as she.

I defy thee, says she again, and I'll tell the poor girl what you say of her. I hope she will get out of your hands again.

Then I'll break her neck that minute, says he.

That's not in your power, says the lady.

Well, but, says he, you play'd at cards on Sunday morning last.

She was a little surpris'd at the charge, and stopp'd a while; but, recovering her courage, 'tis strange, devil, says she, thou canst bring nothing but lies against me; why, I have faults enough, that are real faults, and true, and that I could not deny. Why, I think Satan's turn'd fool, adds she, as if she jeered him. Why don't you fall upon me in those things I am guilty of? and not make lies for the sake of lying? I did play at cards on Saturday night, but not on a Sunday morning.

But, said he, you played at cards against your conscience too, when you believed it was a sin to play, and you will be damned for that.

Why truly, devil, says she, you go nearest the truth in this of any thing you have said; for after our minister's talking against play, one evening, he so far persuaded me that it was not lawful, that I partly resolv'd to leave it off.

But

But you broke your word, and played again; and did it, I tell you, against your conscience.

I did not tie myself by any promise, but I did question a little, indeed, whether I should play any more or no.

Yes, and did it against your conscience, I tell you, and you shall be damn'd for that.

Here the lady could not refrain from tears; but still she answered the devil boldly: As thou art a liar, Satan, I hope I shall not, because thou sayest I shall. However, thou shalt never have it to upbraid me with again; for though I did never promise to man, I now promise it to the devil, I will never play more.

Its too late now, says he, and threatened her again.

No, Satan, says she, never too late for any one to repent, but thee; and thou shalt never repent, or be forgiven.

With this, says my story, the devil left her.—I have taken this, by way of abridgment, from a very large account, in Glanvill on witchcraft, of the several disputes which this courageous lady had with the devil for some years; which, if I could assert the particulars so as to be sure of the truth of every part, and of my own knowledge too, I should make further use of it here.

This was certainly a commendable courage, and had something of the christian in it too; and such a courage, and upon the like foundation, would, for ought I know, lay all the devils that ever walk'd, and drive away all the apparitions and spirits that people are so terribly haunted with, and so terrified about.



C H A P. V.

*Of apparitions in dreams, and how far they are
or are not real apparitions, as recorded in sacred
writ; with several curious relations.*

THERE may be dreams without apparitions, as there may be apparitions without dreams; but apparition in dream may be as really an apparition as if the person who saw it was awake: The difference may be here, that the apparition in a dream is visible to the soul only, for the soul never sleeps; and an apparition to the eye-sight is visible in common perspective.

How is it then that we see in our dreams the very faces and dress of the person we dream of; nay, hear their voices, and receive due impressions from what they say, and oftentimes speak to them with our own voices articulately and audibly, although we are fast asleep. What secret power

of the imagination is able to represent the image of any person to itself, if there was not some appearance, something placed in the soul's view, by a secret but invisible hand, and in an imperceptible manner? which something is, in all respects, and to all purposes, as completely an apparition, as if it was placed in open sight when the person was really awake.—*Deacon and Walker's Dialogical Disquisitions on Spirits*, 4to. 1611.

The scripture confirms this opinion by many expressions directly to the purpose, and particularly this of appearing, or apparition in dream. Gen. xx. 3. "God came to Abimelech in a dream;" had it been said, that Abimelech dream'd that God came to him, there might have been some exception to the parallel; but God actually came to him; and although Abimelech was asleep, and in a dream, it was not the less an apparition, for God came to him, and spoke, and said to him: and in the 4th verse, Abimelech spoke to the apparition. Whatever the shape was, that the text does not mention; but Abimelech knew whom he talked with too, that's evident, for the text mentions it fully: "And he said, Lord, wilt thou slay also a righteous nation?" And so he goes on, verse the fifth, to expostulate and plead for himself and his people, "said he not unto me, she is my sister?" so that he knew he was speaking to the Lord. The text is very remarkable; it is plain that there was an apparition, but the man was asleep and in a dream.

Again, in the case of Laban pursuing Jacob, Gen. xxxi. 24. "God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him." Here again is an apparition, and a speaking apparition too; God came to him, and God spoke

to him; and Laban owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really spake to him, ver. 29: "The God of your father spake to me yesternight, saying."

Certainly dreams in those days were another kind of thing than they are now. God spake to them, and they answered; and when they were awake, they knew that it was God that spake, and gave heed to the vision or apparition of God to them.

There are many more instances of the like in the sacred history; as, first, in the remarkable case of King Solomon, 1 Kings iii. 5. "The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, ask what I shall give thee."

This is called in the scripture, a dream, ver. 15. "And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream;" and yet it is all confirmed; and the petition that Solomon made, though in his sleep, or dream, is accepted and answered as his real act and deed, as if he had been awake.

That passage of Solomon is very remarkable to the case in hand. If my readers please to believe that there was such a man as Solomon, and that he had such a dream; they must allow also that it was a real apparition, God appeared to him in a dream.

To bring it down a step lower; as God has thus personally appeared to men in dreams, so have inferior spirits, and we have examples of this too in the scripture, Matt. i. 20. "While he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream." And again, Matt. ii. 13. "Behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying:" And a third time it is repeated: "The angel
"came

“ came again to him in *Ægypt*.” ver. 19 of the same chapter : When Herod was dead, “ Behold “ an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to “ Joseph in *Ægypt*.”

I will for once suppose, that no man need desire any farther evidence than these, for the reality of the thing itself ; we may bring it down from hence, by just parallels, to matters within our own reach ; experience will furnish us with particular passages sufficient ; and some account I shall give you within the compass of our own times, such as come within the verge of my own knowledge, or of the knowledge of such as I have good reason to give credit to. I believe a variety will be acceptable, and much more useful than a bare repeating of what others have said. If I find it needful to quote what others have published, you shall have it justly marked as a quotation, that you may search for the truth in its original.

Before I come to quotation, or to collection of story, 'tis needful to observe, that as it has pleased God to appear in this manner, and to cause angels to appear also in the same manner, and upon special occasions, so I make no question but the devil often appears in dreams to ; and I might give but too many examples of it, as particularly one in the scripture.

It is apparent that God gave Satan a kind of general licence to afflict Job, only not to kill him : with such a terrible commission, it might be expected that the devil would fall upon him with the utmost fury he was capable of, or allowed to take ; he ruined his fortunes, reduced him to misery, murdered his children, tormented him with boils and sores ; in short, left him nothing but potsherds, and an ill wife to relieve him : as he had worried him,

him, to use a modern phrase, within an inch of life, he followed him in the night with apparition, lest he should recruit nature with rest, and be a little refreshed with sleep. Job himself complains of it, Job. vii. 14. "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Not that God appeared to Job in any frightful or terrible form; but the devil, to whom God was pleased to give a liberty of afflicting Job, took that liberty, and exerted his malice to the utmost of his power. We are not indeed told what methods the devil took to scare and terrify that poor distressed sufferer; but as he can shew us nothing uglier and more frightful than himself, so it is very likely he appeared to him in person, and that in the most surprizing manner possible, with all the circumstances of horror that he was able. But to pursue my subject:

The great, and perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of life, I mean that relates to dreams, is to distinguish between such as are real apparitions, and such as are only the product of an incumbered brain, a distempered head, or, which is worse, a distemper'd mind: but some dreams are so significant, and there follows such an immediate visible effect, answering the designed illumination, that it cannot but be significant.—*Beaumont on Spirits.*

The following story I had from the mouth of the very person who was chiefly concerned in it. I mean the captain of the ship itself.

One Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the *Society*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ship was hired in London, and being sent light, as they call it, to Virginia, for a loading
 of

of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward-bound, suppose about two or three hundred ton, which was not counted a loading, or indeed half her loading; the ship being very large, about five hundred tons burden.

They had a pretty good passage, and the day before had had an observation, whereupon the mates and proper officers had brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coasts of America; they all agreed that they were at least about an hundred leagues distant from the capes of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and withal heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in (as they call it at sea), that is, went to bed.

The weather was good, a moderate gale of wind, and blowing fair for the coast; so that the ship might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out, and relieve the watch; and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared: who answered, that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they run at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night; so the captain went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been asleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or

H

waked

waked him, and he did wake. I am not sure, but I think he said, the thing that waked him bade him get up, that is, turn out and look abroad. But whether it was so or no, he lay still and composed himself to sleep, and was suddenly awaked again, and thus several times; and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep; and still he heard the vision say, or thought he heard it say, turn out and look abroad.

He lay in this uneasiness near two hours; but at last it increased so upon him, that he could lie no longer, but got up, put on his watch gown, and comes out upon the quarter-deck; there he found his second mate walking about, and the boatswain upon the fore-castle, the night fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.

The mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him: but calling, Who's there? the captain answered, and the mate returns, Who, the captain! what's the matter, Sir?

Says the captain, I don't know; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody, or my own fancy, bid me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it, but some dream, says the mate.

Says the captain, How does the ship cape?

South-west by south, says the mate; fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.

That's all very good, says the captain; and so, after some other usual questions, he turned about

about to go back to his cabin ; when, as if it had been somebody that stood by him had spoke, it came into his mind like a voice, " Heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this, he turns again to his second mate : Mate, says the captain, when did you heave the lead ? what water had you ?

About an hour ago, says the mate, sixty fathom.

Heave again, says the captain.

There's no manner of occasion, Sir, says the mate ; but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, says the captain, 'tis needless indeed, I think, and so was going away again ; but was, as it were, forced to turn back as before, and says to the mate, I know not what ails me, but I cannot be easy ; come, call a hand aft and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathom.

This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast, it came up seven fathom.

Upon this the captain in a fright bade them put the helm a-lee, and about ship, all hands being ordered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship stayed presently, and came about ; and when she was about, before the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern ; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathom again, and at the next cast eleven fathom, and so on to twenty fathom ;

so he stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till day-break, when being a clear morning, there were the capes of Virginia, and all the coast of America in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distance: had they stood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they had been bump a-shore (so the sailors call it) and had certainly lost their ship, if not their lives.

Now, what could this be? Not the devil, that we may vouch for him; he would hardly be guilty of doing so much good; hardly an angel sent from heaven express, that we dare not presume; but that it was the work of a waking providence, by some invisible agent employed for that occasion, who took sleep from the captain's eyes; as once, in a case of infinitely more importance, was done to king Ahafuerus. This we may conclude, had the captain slept as usual, and as nature required, they had been all lost; the shore being flat at a great distance, and, as I suppose, the tide low, the ship had been a-ground in an instant, and the sea, which run high, would have broke over her, and soon have dashed her in pieces.

How it happened that the mates and other navigators on board, should all of them have kept, and yet all be out in their reckoning, and that so much as to think themselves an hundred leagues from the coast, when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themselves; but certain it was, that if it had not been for thus being
alarmed

alarmed in the night, the whole ship's company might probably have been lost.

If this was not an apparition, it must be what the scripture calls it, in another case, being warned of God in a dream, which by the way is the same thing ; but here was something more than being warned, for the captain owned he was in no dream ; he dreamed nothing at all, much less any thing of danger ; he went to his bed or cabin, with all the prudent caution that any man in that important trust of a ship in the ocean could do ; and then, after having made their calculations, cast up their reckonings, set their watch, and made every thing sure, he laid down with all the satisfaction that it was possible for any man in a like case to have.

I come now to another relation of fact, which also I take upon me to vouch the reality of, having been present at the very instant of every part of it.

A person, says Dr. Beaumont, whose name it is not so proper to mention here, but who may be produced if there should be occasion, being still living, that was under the disaster, a few years ago, to fall under a party censure, (the occasion is needless to the present case.) In hopes, upon the recess of the House, which was not far off, he should (as usual) be at liberty, he withdrew himself, and avoided being taken up as much as he could ; but the House resenting it, a vote was passed, ordering the secretary of state to prosecute him at law : this obliged him to resolve to leave the kingdom, and in the mean time to conceal himself with more exactness ; the government having issued out a proclamation for apprehending

hending him, with a reward to the person who should discover where he was, so as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for some time, and removed to Barnet, on the edge of Hertfordshire; intending, as soon as he had settled some family-affairs, to go away north, into Scotland; but before he went away, he was obliged to come once more to London, to sign some writings for the securing some estate, which it was feared might be seized by outlaw, if the prosecution had gone on so far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, as above, being in bed with one Mr. R—— D——, he dreamed that he was in his lodgings in London, where he had been concealed as above, and in his dream he saw two men come to the door, who said they were messengers, and produced a warrant from the secretary of state to apprehend him, and that accordingly they seized upon and took him.

The vision surpris'd and waked him, and he waked Mr. D——, his brother-in-law, who was in bed with him, and told him the dream, and what a surprize he was in about it. Mr. D——, seeing it was but a dream, advised him to give no heed to it, but compose himself, and go to sleep again; which he did.

As soon as he was fast asleep again, he was waked with the same dream exactly as before; and he waked his brother again, as before: this disturbed them both very much; but being

ing heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dreamed no more. It is to be observed, that he saw the very men that apprehended him, their countenances, clothes, weapons, &c. and described them in the morning to his said brother D—— in all the particulars.

However, the call to go to London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to set off, resolving to stay but one day, and then set forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London in the morning, and, that he might not be known, walked it on foot; that so he might go by more private ways over Enfield Chace, and so to Southgate, Hornsey, &c.

All the way he walked, his mind was heavy and oppressed, and he frequently said to his brother, who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be surprised; and so strong was the foreboding impression upon his mind, that he once stopt at Hornsey, and endeavoured to get a lodging, intending to send his brother to London, to see if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had just secured a convenient lodging, he accidentally saw a gentleman standing at the next door, whom he knew very well, but durst not venture to trust on that occasion; and finding on enquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no place for him, and so resolved to go forward.

The impression upon his mind continuing, he stopt again at Islington, and endeavoured to

get a lodging there, but could not; at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging, except where it was too public. Well, says he, then I must go to London, and take what follows, or to that purpose; and accordingly went, and the next morning was taken by the messengers, just in the very manner as he had been told in his dream; and the very same two men, whose faces he had seen, and with the same clothes on and weapons, exactly as he had described.

This story I had from his own mouth, and confirmed by Mr. R—— D——, his brother-in-law, to whom he related his vision at the very moment of it as above.

I refer it to any impartial judgment, to weigh every circumstance of this account (the truth of which I have not the least reason to question), and to tell me, by what powers, and from what influence, could these things be performed, if there were no invisible world, and no inhabitants there who concerned themselves with our affairs? no good spirits which conversed with our embodied spirits, and gave us due intelligence, notice, and warning of approaching danger.

If there is any difficulty in this case, it seems to me to be in the event of the thing, as in the case mentioned: why was not the intelligence made so complete, so forcible, and the impression so plain, that the person in whose favour it was all done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward stopt, and consequently the mischief which was at hand, and which

which he had the notice of, effectually prevented?

It is not indeed so easy to answer that part; but it may be resolved into this, that the fault seems to be our own, that we do not give due attention to such notice, as might be sufficient to our deliverance.

Thus, if the invisible spirits give a due alarm, they do their part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep sleep, and pull us again and again, and give us notice that something is coming, that some danger is at the door; if we still sleep on till it comes, if we will go on, happen whatever may, the kind spirit has done its duty, discharged its office, and if we fall into the mischief, the fault is our own, we can by no means blame the insufficiency of the notice, and say, to what purpose is it? seeing we had due and timely warning, but would not take the hint; we had due notice of the danger, and would not step out of the way to avoid it, the fault is wholly our own.

Another account I had a sufficient voucher for, though the gentleman is now dead; but I have great reason to believe the truth of it.

A young gentleman of good birth and fortune, in the beginning of the late war with France, had a great inclination to see the world, as he called it, and resolved to go into the army; his father was dead, and had left him a good estate, besides his mother's jointure, which at her death would fall to him of course.

His mother earnestly intreated him not to go into the army, but persuaded him rather to

travel, that so he might see the world, as she said, without feeling the calamities of the war, and without hazarding his life.

He told her, travelling, indeed, in time of peace was all a gentleman could do, and was at best very expensive; but that now was the time a man might see the world at the expence of the public, and perhaps might make his fortune too.

His mother represented to him the danger of his life, and bade him consider how many gentlemen went into the army, and of them, how few had lived to come home again, much less to rise to any degree of preferment.

He made light of that, and told his mother, that if he happened to be knocked on the head, there was an end of him, and he was provided for.

Well, son, says the old lady, I am obliged to submit to it, you are your own master; I can but intreat you not to go, you have estate enough to make you easy; therefore have no need to run the risk.

He slighted all her intreaties, and at length mortgaged part of his estate to purchase a company in the first regiment of guards, and entered into the army.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father come to him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, such as he used to wear; and calling him by his name, What is the reason, says he, that you will not listen to the intreaties of your mother not to go to the wars? I do assure you, that

if

if you resolve to take this commission, you will not enjoy it three years.

Why, says he (in his dream) what will hinder me? being, it seems, desirous to know something of his fortune.

Ask me not the particulars, says the apparition, but either decline the employ, or when you have enjoyed it two years and a half, sell out again, as I did before you.

I cannot promise that, says he.

Then you may promise yourself, says the apparition, that it shall be worse.

He seemed to slight the admonition, and said, it was too late to look back.

Too late! too late! says the apparition, repeating the words; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked, and found it was but a dream; for dreams, said he, are not to be heeded; so he went on, and bought the commission.

A few days after the commission was bought, the father appeared again, not to him but to his mother, in a dream too as before; and taking notice to her how his son had rejected her admonition, it added,

‘Young heads are wilful; Robert will go into the army; but tell him from me, he shall never come back.’

All these notices were of no force with this young gentleman; but as he had resolved so he pursued his resolution, and went into the army; and two battalions of that regiment go-

ing into the field that summer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He wanted no occasion to show his bravery, and in several warm actions came off with applause; so that he was far from being suspected of cowardice: but one day, and in the third year of his service, the army was drawn out in order of battle, the General having received certain advice that the enemy would come and attack them. As he stood at the head of his company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering fit, and it was so violent that some officers who were near him, every one at their post, perceived it.

As it was to no purpose for him to conceal it, he turned to his lieutenant, who stood next to him, and from whose mouth I received this particular account: I cannot imagine, says he, what is the occasion of this shaking fit.

It is your eagerness to fall on, says the lieutenant, I have often been so, and begin to be so now; I wish the French would come on, that we might have something to do.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected; but the fight began upon the left, at a good distance from them, so that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman; Colonel, says he, how do you do? I hope your shivering fit is over.

No, says the colonel, it is not over, but it is a little better.

It will be all over presently, says the lieutenant.

Ay,

Ay, so it will, says the colonel, I am very easy, I know what it was now; and with that he called the lieutenant to come to him for a moment.

When he came, says he, I know now what ailed me, I am very easy, I have seen my father; I shall be killed the first volley; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the very first volley the regiment received, was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and several other officers, besides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was soon after put into confusion; though being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after; the captain's body was presently recovered; but he was irrevocably dead, for he received a shot in his face, which killed him immediately.

If all the notices from the invisible world could have been of any use to him, or he had been to be wrought upon by cautions and advices, which nothing but a most obstinate temper would have so totally disregarded, the man had been safe. But what can be expected, when men are as plainly informed of things, as by such methods can be supposed rational, and will not take the hint?



C H A P. V.

Vision and Apparition of a Gentleman to his Sons, to prevent a Duel.

The following is part Vision, part Apparition, and seems to make one be an Evidence of the other. — from Moreton's History of Apparitions.

THOMAS Horton, a gentleman of fortune, eldest son of the family, whose father was a baronet and of an honourable line, and then living, being a young man, and a man of pleasure, had an intrigue with a certain lady, in which his younger brother (of the two, rather more gay, and given to it more than himself) was his rival. The lady was handsome, and of no despicable fortune, but much inferior to the eldest son of the family, whose fortune was near two thousand pounds per annum, after the death of his father Sir George Horton.

The

The younger gentleman was really in love with the lady, and inclined to marry her, if he could bring his father to consent to it, and had two or three times spoken to the old knight about it; nor was his father much averse to it, only he thought her fortune too small.

Sir George told his son, if he had been his eldest, he should have been easier in the proposal, because his paternal estate being free, and perfectly unincumbered, he thought the heir was not under that necessity of making his fortune by a wife; but that a younger brother ought always to seek to mend his circumstances. — He used to jest with his son, and tell him, it was this made him connive at his way of life; that a younger brother should be handsome, be a scholar, dress, and be gay; the first to recommend him to the court, the second to recommend him to the ladies, that the heir having no need, was often left to be a booby knight, just able to write his own name, halloo to his own dogs, and ride the light saddle; but as he had seldom any share of brains, nature had wisely gave the wit to one, and the estate to the other; so, says the knight, you brother has his affairs in a quite different situation.

These good-natured kind of arguments the old knight used with his younger son, to persuade him against marrying the lady; but he did not absolutely forbid him, on pain of his displeasure, and of withdrawing his hand from him, with respect to money, so that the young gentleman kept the lady company
openly;

openly ; and though he had not yet made the marriage proposal to her, yet he really designed it.

On the other hand, the 'Squire as they called him, kept her company, on another and a far worse account, designing to make a mistress of her, and not a wife.

Upon these widely-different views, the brothers often met at her aunt's, where she lived.

The elder brother had this advantage in his interest, (viz.) that the lady loved him, and would have been very well pleased, if he had courted her for marriage, but that was not his design ; so that in a word, the case stood thus ; the younger brother loved the lady, but the lady loved the 'Squire.

The gentlemen carried on their affairs separately, and each in his own way, but were neither of them so close as to conceal from each other their designs, though they did not fully discover what their pretensions were. However, I have already mentioned, they often met at the lady's apartment, where it was not long before they came to a conversation upon the subject, and this unhappily embroiled them together at last, as you shall see presently.

The elder brother began one evening to be a little rough with his brother upon the subject : Jack, says the eldest, you and I often meet here ; I don't understand it ; pray what do you pretend to do ? it is a little odd, that two brothers should have but one mistress ; pr'ythee, Jack, don't let us turn Italians.

Nay,

Nay, says Jack, what do you pretend to; if either of us are in the wrong, I believe it is always on your side.

No, says Tom, I don't allow that neither; I am right, I am sure of it; I am always right, and I will be right; pray take notice of that.

I take notice of nothing about it, not I, says Jack; all the world knows that I am right, and they shall know it, and you shall know it too, Tom.—

Well, pr'ythee, Jack, says Tom, alter one piece of your conduct, I desire that of you.

What conduct? I don't understand you; but if I did, I know no conduct of mine that is amiss, and I shall not alter it, I assure you.

Why, this it is, that when I meet you here, which I think is a little too often, says the 'Squire, I observe you always strive to stay after me, and to have me go away first; I tell you I don't like it.

I shall alter nothing about that, I assure you, says Jack; I think I have more business here than you have; and as for your meeting me here too often, I think so too; I think you do come a little too often, unless you came with an honest design.

You are very pert, Mr. Jack, to your elder brother; I think I must handle you a little, says Tom.

Why, good Mr. elder brother 'Squire Thomas, says Jack, when you are a baronet, you may rake upon you a little; but till then, the
cap

cap and the knee is not so much your due, as you may think it is.

Look you, Jack, says the 'Squire, I am not jesting with you, nor I won't be jested with by you; the best answer a gentleman can give to a jest is a box on the ear.

Why, Sir, says Jack, I must call myself a gentleman as well as you, or else I could not have the honour to call you brother: and since you are disposed to be in earnest, I take leave to tell you, Sir, I will be used like a gentleman, and if you don't know how to do it, I am able to teach you.

They were now both very hot; for upon the last words of his brother, the 'Squire laid hold of his cane, at which the younger laid hold of his sword. Look you, Sir, says he, if you are disposed to treat your brother thus, take notice, Sir, my father's son may be killed, but he can't be caned; and I won't take the least offer towards it at your hand; I am ready for you when you please.

Some company that were not far off, and friends to both, ran in upon this, and kept them asunder for that time, but they soon met again, at the same place; and though it was two or three days or more, yet they soon began the same kind of discourse; and, what was still worse, the elder brother, who was certainly in the wrong, yet always began the discourse.

It happened, they met the last time at the lady's lodgings, and were let into her parlour, but the lady unluckily happened to be abroad; she had charged her maid, if ever the gentlemen

men came when she was abroad, she should never let them both in, or at least not both into the same room; for she had perceived they began to be very uneasy one with another; she knew they were both hot and angry, and she was afraid of some mischief between them, notwithstanding they were brothers.

But some of her aunt's servants happening to come to the door, when the eldest of the gentlemen knocked, they happened to take him to the same parlour where the younger brother was waiting before for the lady's return.

This was unluckily pointed for what followed, as if the devil, who is always ready for mischief, had contrived it on purpose; for the brothers were no sooner met but they fell to quarrelling.

Well, Jack, says the elder brother, you will, it seems, keep your haunt here, notwithstanding what I have said to you.

I do not really understand what you mean by your way of talking, says Jack; you seem to take a liberty with me, you have no right to do.

What liberty do I take, says the 'Squire. I asked you what business you had here with Miss ——; was that taking too much liberty? if that is any offence, I ask you again.

And I told you, says Jack, I should give no account of that; did I not? Was that an offence to you? If it was, I see no help for it; I shall give you the same answer now: I cannot imagine what you mean by asking me such a question.

I know

I know what I mean by it, and I shall expect a better answer; I tell you in a very few words, says the 'Squire.

Nay, if you have a mind to make a quarrel of it, you are welcome, says Jack; I'll make as few words as you please, only let me know your pleasure; tell me what you would have, and you shall have a direct answer, or a direct refusal at once.

Why, my question is short, says the 'Squire, what do you visit Miss —— for? You may easily understand me.

I shall answer it with the same question, says Jack: Pray what do you visit her for?

Why, that's as rude as you can answer an elder brother, says the 'Squire, and as spiteful; but few words are best, Jack; I visit her for that which bears no rival: I hope you understand me now.

Well, and I do the same, says Jack; but there is one question between us then, that carries matter of right with it, and that is, who visited her first?

Why, that's true, Jack, says the 'Squire, in some cases, but not in love, priority is no claim there; I shall not trouble myself about it.

Then I am sure, says Jack, being an elder brother is no claim; so I shall take no notice of that.

No, no, says the 'Squire, I do not expect it; there are no relatives in whoring, Jack. I know no brother or father, uncle or cousin, when I talk of my mistress.

Very well, says Jack, now you have answered me more particularly than it may be
you

you intended ; and perhaps we may come to an understanding sooner than I expected.

What do you mean, said the 'Squire, by an understanding ?

Nay, what can I mean ? I mean that you give me to understand, that you court Miss — to make a whore of her.

Better language, Jack, however, says the 'Squire : a mistress you should say.

Not I, says Jack, it will bear no other language ; a whore's a whore, you know ; call it what you will, it is the same thing to me.

Well, and suppose it thus, what business have you with it ?

Why, suppose then, that I court the same lady for a wife, I hope I have the better of you there.

Not at all, Jack, says the 'Squire, I do not allow you should make a wife of my mistress.

Nor I can't allow, says Jack, that you should make a whore of my wife.

But I shall make no scruple of it, I assure you, says the 'quire, if she is willing, for all you are my brother, I shall do it if I can.

And I won't flatter you ; that, let her be willing or not, if you really do it, says Jack, I shall make no scruple to cut your throat for it, if I can, for all you are my brother.

Very well, Jack, says the 'Squire, then I know what I have to trust to.

It is very true, says Jack, it is the old road of knight-errantry, Sir ; win her and wear her, is the word.

And

And what must be done then? says the 'Squire.

Nay, says Jack, I need not tell you what to do; I tell you she is my wife; I think that is enough to tell you what you ought to do.

And I tell you, says the 'Squire, she is my mistress; that's enough to tell you; you are a cuckold, or shall be so, I think it fair to tell you before-hand.

And I think, says Jack, that's telling me I must cut your throat before-hand too; for I will neither be a cuckold, or be so called by you, or any man alive.

N. B. At this the younger brother rose up in a violent rage, and went away; and the elder brother, as hot as he, told him, as he went out, that he did well to leave him in possession.

This urged him yet more; and he turned back, and said, I hope you will have the manners to follow me.

No, Jack, says the 'Squire, and swore to him, you shan't fight for my mistress, and my estate too; I'll take care first you shall get nothing by me.

With all my heart, says Jack, we always give a rogue time at the gallows to say his prayers, you know.

I shall correct you for your impudence, Sir, to-morrow morning, without fail, says the 'Squire.

Must I wait upon your worship so long? says Jack: adding something very bitter, as if his brother was too much a coward to go on with

with it. But it appeared otherwise ; for that very evening he received a challenge from the 'Squire, appointing time and place to meet the next morning at five o'clock.

These two rash hot-headed young fellows were carried into this fit of rage by the violence rather of their fiery spirits and passions, than of their real jealousy ; for they had scarce either of them begun to engage with the lady, one way or other ; but being hot and heady, they raised the storm between themselves, and the match and the tinder meeting, the flame broke out by the mere nature of the thing.

But my business is not to moralize upon the story, but to relate the fact. The challenge being given, they had no more to do but to meet, fight, play the butcher upon one another, and leave the consequences to time.

The father, the good old knight, who was then living, could know nothing of what had passed between his sons, for he was at that very time down at his country seat in Wiltshire, at least sixty miles from London.

On the morrow early, according to agreement, the brothers prepared themselves for the business, and out they went, by different ways, to the place appointed, because their lodgings were in different parts of the town.

The younger brother, whose blood it seems was warmest, was first out, and it was scarce day-light, when he came within sight of the place appointed ; there he saw his brother, as he supposed him to be, walking hastily to and fro', as if he waited with impatience for his coming.

Nay,

Nay, says he to himself, I am sure I am within the time; however, don't be impatient, brother Tom, I'll be with you presently; and with that he mended his pace. He had not gone many steps more, but he saw his brother (as he still thought him to be) coming forward, as if it were to meet him, and with his sword drawn in his hand.

You are mighty nimble with your sword (said he again to himself) what, did you think I would not give you time to draw? But how was he surprized, when he came up to him, and found it was not his brother, but his father; and that, instead of a sword in his hand, he had nothing but a small cane, such as the old knight generally walked with.

He was the more at a stand, because he supposed his father was, as is said above, at his seat in the country, above sixty miles off; however, we was out of doubt, when he not only saw him nearer hand, but that his father spoke to him.

Why how now, Jack, says the old gentleman, what, challenge*, and draw upon your father?

You may be sure, Sir, says he, I did not suppose it was you. I make no doubt but you know whom I expected here; it is a poor cowardly shift for him first to challenge his brother, and then send you in his stead; you would not have done so yourself when you was a young man.

* When he thought he saw his brother with his sword in his hand, he had laid his hand on his sword.

It is no time to talk now, Jack, says the father, I have your challenge here, and I am come to fight you, not to talk to you; therefore draw, says he; you know there's no relation in love; and with that his father draws his sword and advances upon him.

Draw! says Jack, what, upon my father! Heavens forbid! no, I'll be murdered first.

But his father advancing again, and with a furious countenance as if he would indeed kill him, Jack pulls out his sword and scabbard, and throwing it on the ground, cried out, there, Sir, take it, kill me with it; for God's sake what do you mean?

But his father, as it were, running upon him, Jack turns from him, and giving a spring out of his power, seems resolved to run from him: at which his father sloods, takes up his sword, and stood still.

The young gentleman, surpris'd and amazed at the rencounter, was all in terror and confusion, and knew not what to do; but going back a considerable way, and observing that his father was gone, as he thought, he resolv'd, though he had no sword, he would go to the place appointed, and see if his brother was come; for he should not say he did not meet him, however he was thus strangely disarmed.

Accordingly he went back to the place, and sat himself down on the ground, waiting near two hours there, but heard nothing of his brother; as he came away again, at the end of the two hours, he found his sword lying just in the place where it was thrown down,

or as near the place as he could imagine, though he was sure it was not there when he went the second time by the place.

This surprised him still more, and he knew not what to make of it; but he took up the sword, and went home wondering at what the meaning of all this should be.

He had not been long at home, before his his brother's servant comes to his lodgings with a very civil message from the 'Squire, to know how he did; and the servant was bid to ask him from his brother, if he had not met with something extraordinary that morning, and to tell him, that he (his brother) was very ill or he would have come too see him.

The oddness of this message added to the surprize he was in before; upon which he called the messenger up stairs, and talked with him thus:

J. What's the matter, Will? how does my brother do?

Will. My master gives his service to your Worship, and sent me to know how you do.

J. Indeed; I'm a little out of order; but how is your master? what's the matter?

Will. Why truly and't please your worship, I don't know what's the matter, I think my master has been frighted this morning.

J. Frighted, Will! with what, pr'ythee? your master is not easily frighted.

Will. Why no, and't it please you, I know he is not; but this has been something extraordinary; I don't know how it is, for I was not with my master; but they talk in the house,

house, that he has seen his father, or seen an apparition in his father's shape.

J. Why so have I too, Will; now you frighten me indeed, for I made light of it before; why, it was my father to be sure.

Will. No, Sir, alas, your father! why, my old master was at Sarum, in Wiltshire, and very ill in his bed, but last Friday; I came from him, my master sent me to him on an errand.

J. And did you see him yourself, Will?

Will. If your worship please to give me my oath, I'll take my oath I saw him, and spoke to him, in his bed, and very ill he was; I hope your worship will believe I know my old master.

J. Yes, yes, you know him, no doubt, Will. I think you lived four years with him, did you not?

Will. I dressed and undressed him five years and a half, and't please you; I think I may say I know him in his clothes or out of them.

J. Well, William, and I hope you will allow that I know my father too, or him I have called father these thirty years.

Will. Yes to be sure, and't please you.

J. Well, then, tell my brother, it was either my father or the devil; I saw both him and spoke with him, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Away went Will with this message back to his master, and his master immediately went with Will to see his brother.

As soon as he came into the room to his brother, he runs to him and kisses him: Dear

Jack, says he, what has been the matter with us to-day? We have both played the fool, but forgive me my part, and tell me what has happened.

Jack received him with all the tenderness imaginable, and they fell immediately to comparing things with one another. Will. had told his brother in general how it was, as the younger brother had ordered him; that he had seen his father, and spoke to him; and now he told him all the particulars himself, as I have related them above, and how he came at him with such fury, that he really thought he would have run him through the body, had he not run away from him.

The 'Squire related his story much to the same purpose; that as he was coming to the place appointed, his father met him, and asked him whither he was going; that he put him off with a slight answer, and told him he was going to Kensington to meet some gentlemen there, who were to go with him to Hampton-Court.

That upon this, his father seemed very angry; and I observed, said he, his face looked as red as fire; he stamped with his foot, as he used to do when he was provoked, and told me I put him off with a sham: that he knew my errand as well as I did myself; that I was going to murder my younger brother, and that he was come to satisfy my fury with his blood, and I should murder him, not my brother.

I was

I was so confounded, said the 'Squire, I could not speak to him for some time; but recovering myself a little; and going to excuse myself, he grew more angry; when I said, my pretensions towards Miss —— were as honest as yours were, he gave me the lye, and indeed, Jack, I deserved it; though I could not imagine how he knew all this; but he told me in short, that I lyed, for that I courted her to debauch her, but that you courted her honourably, to marry her, and he had given his consent to it.

I was then confounded, and begged his pardon; so he bade me go home and be reconciled to my brother, or that he would talk other language to me the next time he saw me. And now, dear Jack, says the 'Squire, I am come to ask your pardon, not only in obedience to my father's commands, but really on my own account; for I am convinced I was in the wrong with you very much.

You may be assured, the brothers were immediately as good friends as ever they were in their lives. But still Jack was uneasy about this being the real appearance of his father; and the words of his brother's man William ran in his mind all that night; for as to this first meeting, it was so taken up with ecstasies of their reconciliation, that they had no time for any thing else.

But the next morning the young gentleman went to see his brother, to return his visit, and talk things over again.

Dear brother, says Jack, I am very uneasy about one part of our story still; I am

glad from my soul that you and I are brought to understand one another, and I hope it will never be otherwise; but I cannot be thoroughly satisfied about who it was that made peace between us; if what your man William says be true, it could never be my father.

Nay, says the 'Squire, Will. told me, that you said it was my father, or the devil.

Why yes, I did so, says Jack, but that was to intimate my certainty of its not being my father; not that I supposed that it was the devil. But pray how long has my father been in town?

Nay, says the 'Squire, I did not know that he was in town; but that I saw him, I am certain of.

But did not you send William down to him, says Jack, into the country? and is it possible he could come up to town since that time?

Yes, yes, he might come up says the 'Squire; he often drives it in a day and a half; sometimes in a day; six horses go at a great rate, you know.

But pray what think you of it yourself? you saw him as well as I. Was it really my father? Your man William says it was impossible, besides, he says my father was very ill, and kept his bed.

William does say he was much out of order, but he did not say he kept his bed; but I confess I never entered into that dispute in my thoughts: It was my father, sure! What else could it be? as you said, brother, it must be my father, or the devil.

Nay,

Nay, I don't know what to say neither, brother, says Jack, as to its being the devil. I cannot think that the devil and my father have any manner of correspondence.

Besides, brother, says the 'Squire, how should the devil owe you and I so much goodwill, as to concern himself to reconcile us? I believe he had much rather have seen us murder one another, as we were in a fair way to have done.

I rather believe, says Jack, he had a hand in making us quarrel.

Ay, indeed, so do I, says the 'Squire; I think, for my part, I was mad; and, as folks commonly say, the devil was in me, or I should never have been such a fool.

Well, but brother, says the young gentleman, how shall we come at the bottom of this matter? We both think it was my father, and we both think it can hardly be him neither; and we both think it was not the devil.

Ay, says the 'Squire, and if it should be neither my father, nor the devil, what shall we say then?

Why, that, indeed, makes me so impatient to have it out: now, I'll tell you one thing, which alarms me a little too: I have sent to Mr. ——'s, where you know my father always lodges, and to the Black-Swan Yard, where you know his coach stands, and they all say he is not in town, and that he is to be in town about six weeks hence.

Why, that's extraordinary too, I confess, says the 'Squire; I never thought of it, because I never entertained any jealousy of this

kind, it was quite out of my head; but, upon my word you make me very uneasy about it now.

For my part, says the younger brother, I would give any thing to come to a certainty about it; I have great inclination to take my horse, and go down on purpose.

Then I'll go with you with all my heart, says the 'Squire.

To bring the matter to a conclusion, the two brothers agreed, and away they both went to see their father. The very day they took horse to go down, but some hours after they were gone, came a letter to the elder brother's house from their father, the contents of which I shall take notice of presently.

And first I am to observe, that when they came to their father, they found him at home, and very ill, nor had he even been from home, but was greatly concerned for the safety of his sons, upon the following occasion:

The night before he wrote the letter, spoken of above, he was surpris'd in his sleep with a dream, or rather a vision, that his two sons had fallen out about a mistress; that they had quarrell'd to such a degree, as to challenge one another, and were gone into the fields to fight; but that somebody had given him notice of it, and he had got up in the morning at four o'clock to meet and prevent them.

Upon this dream, he awak'd in great disorder and terror; however, finding it but a dream he had compos'd his mind, and gotten to sleep again, but that he dream'd it again in so lively a manner, that he was forced to
call

call up his man, that waited on him, to sit up the rest of the night with him; and he was frightened, and much out of order with the fright.

That in consequence of this dream, he had sent a servant up express, with orders to ride night and day, to enquire how his sons did, and to bring him word if there had been any such breach among them; and earnestly to press them, if such a breach had happened, that they would consent to let him mediate between them, that it might go no farther, till he could come up, that so he might put an end to their resentments, and make peace among them, according to his dreams; and this was the contents of the letter, mentioned above, that came to hand a few hours after they were set out.

It cannot be doubted, but it was very confounding to his sons, to hear the account their father gave them of his dream, or rather vision, about their quarrel; and it was equally amazing to see it confirmed by all the true particulars; also, that the old gentleman, to be sure, could not have been at London, for he had scarce been a whole day from off his bed.

They conferred together seriously upon the private question, (*viz.*) Whether they should tell their father the story of their quarrel, but especially of their seeing him severally, and his really parting them, or preventing their fighting.

Upon the whole, they concluded not to let their father know of his likeness, (as they called it) appearing to them, lest it might

disquiet him too much; and as to the rest, they were perfectly reconciled again; they said there was no manner of occasion to mention it at all; so they only paid their compliments as a visit of duty, to see how their father did, and to ask his blessing: William having told them, that he was ill; and as for his letter they could happily tell him they had not seen it.

According to this resolution, they performed the ceremony of visiting their father, and made haste away again, that they might converse the more freely about this strange conjunction of circumstances, which had in it so many things surprising to their thoughts, and even to their understandings; for they knew not what to make of it, nor indeed could they form any thing of it but this, and which is the reason of my relating the whole story; namely, that here was a double apparition within the compass of their own knowledge.



C H A P. VI.

Warning to Captain Bell to translate a Book of Luther's—Conversion of Colonel Gardiner and his Death.—Two extraordinary Apparitions to Mr. Lilly in the South of Scotland.

Apparition to Captain Henry Bell.

CAPTAIN Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's Table Talk, printed in England in 1652: after having mentioned the mystery and providence of the discovery of it under ground, in Germany, where it had lain hid fifty-two years, relates the following astonishing admonition relating to the translation of it into English.

CASPAR VAN SPAR, a German gentleman, having, as before observed, recovered the copy from the worms, desired Captain Bell, with whom he was well acquainted,

while he was the agent for king James I. on the continent, to translate it into English, and and publish it in London for the advancement of religion; but Captain Bell was always somehow most unaccountably hindered from prosecuting that work in such a sort as to bring it to a proper conclusion, being prevented by such intervening business as his public occupation required him to execute.

About six weeks after he had received the German copy, being well in health, and in bed with his wife, between twelve and one of the clock, there appeared to him standing at the side of the bed, an ancient man clothed in a light-coloured habit, and of a most reverend aspect, having a broad and white beard, which hung as low as his girdle, who smiling at him said, in a gentle manner of rebuke, "Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent to you out of Germany?" "If you do not, I will shortly hereafter provide you both time and place to do it;"—and then instantly vanished.

This extraordinary vision affrighted him so much that he fell into an extreme sweat; so that his wife awaking, and finding him all over wet, she asked him what he ailed? He then related to her his vision, and the remarkable message attending it. But Captain Bell not paying much attention to the matter afterwards, time wore it off his memory, and he paid no more regard to what he had seen and heard than if it had been a mere dream.

However, he had soon reason to recollect the old man's words, for soon after being at his

his lodgings in King's-street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers came from the Council Board, with a warrant, to carry him to the Gate-house, there to be confined till farther orders from the Lords of the Privy Council. Upon this warrant he was detained ten whole years a close prisoner, whereof he spent five in the translation of the aforementioned work; having good cause to be mindful of the old man's saying, "I will shortly provide for you both time and place to translate it."

This narrative is extracted from the preface of Luther's Table Talk, printed in 1652, and from what Mr. Aubrey observes upon this story, which he briefly relates, it appears, that, whatsoever was pretended for the cause of his confinement, yet the true reason of the Captain's commitment was, because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears which amounted to a great sum; he was unwilling to pay, and to be freed from his clamours, hit upon the scheme of holding him in prison.

A true Account of the Manner and Conversion of Colonel Gardiner, a few Years before he fell in Battle; taken down in writing from his own Mouth, by two intimate Friends of his, viz. the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr. Spears, Minister at Brentisland.— Also his Death.

THIS remarkable event (says Dr. Doddridge) happened about the middle of July
1719;

1719; he thinks it was on a Sunday evening. The Major had spent the evening with some gay company, and had made an unhappy appointment with a married woman, whom he was to meet exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber, to kill, as he said, the tedious hour with some book, or other amusement: but it very providentially happened that he took up a religious book, which either his mother, or his aunt, had slipped into his portmanteau. The book was intitled "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm;" written by Mr. Watſon; and gueſſing by the title of it, he ſhould find ſome phraſes of his own profeſſion ſpiritualized in ſuch a manner, as might afford him ſome di-verſion (as he ſaid), he reſolved to dip into it for a few minutes, but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it. But on a ſudden, while the book was open in his hand (as he related to me ſeveral times), there was preſented to his ſight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt upon the croſs, ſurrounded with a refulgent light and glory, and that a voice, or ſomething equivalent to a voice, was impreſſed upon him, in words to this effect, "Oh ſinner! did I ſuffer all this for thee? and are theſe the returns?" But whether this was an audible voice, or a ſtrong impreſſion upon his ſenſes, he did not preſume to affirm, but looked upon it as a viſion of an extraordinary nature, as from
 God;

God; and struck with so amazing a phenomenon (said he), "there remained hardly any
 "life in me; I sunk down into an arm chair
 "on which I sat, and so continued (I knew
 "not how long) quite insensible," whether
 in a sleep or not, he could not say; but after
 a while he opened his eyes, and saw nothing
 more than usual; nor did he (as he declared
 to me) during the remainder of the night,
 once recollect that criminal and detestable as-
 signation, which had before engrossed all his
 thoughts. He then rose from the chair, in a
 tumult of passion not to be conceived, and
 walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was
 ready to drop down in unutterable astonish-
 ment and agony of soul: now appearing to
 himself as the vilest monster in the creation
 of God, who had all his life-time been cruci-
 fying the Lord Christ by his sins, and disobe-
 dience to his precepts. And now saw (as he
 assuredly believed, by so wonderful a vision)
 all the horrors of what he had done and acted;
 and yet, at the same time, he saw (as he said)
 both the majesty and goodness of God in
 sparing such a rebel, and the chief of sinners;
 that he ever had abhorred himself, as deserv-
 ing nothing at God's hand, but wrath and
 eternal damnation. And that, from this mo-
 ment, he became the greatest penitent before
 God and man; abhorring himself as in dust
 and ashes; and so continued to the day of his
 death; attributed all to the free unmerited
 grace of Christ, to one of the vilest of sinners;
 and never mentioned the name of God, or of
 Christ, but with great reverence; and yet the
 Lord

Lord so lifted up the light of his countenance upon him, at different times, and strengthened his faith in him, that he never after doubted of his salvation, through the above merits of his Redeemer.—He had also a foresight of his death in a dream, as he related himself.—
 “ I thought, (says he), I saw my Saviour
 “ walking before me over a large field (the
 “ very field of battle where he fell), and the
 “ Lord turned round and smiled upon me;
 “ so that I never after doubted of his aid and
 “ protection, nor of my interest in his precious blood.”—He died of his wounds received at the battle of Preston Pans. 1745

Though this, and the following relations are not of the most striking order of apparition-stories, they, notwithstanding, carry in themselves internal marks of a supernatural revelation *in these latter times*, and serve to prove in general that Providence has not left man entirely alone, but that *his grace is yet sufficient*. If any degree of credit can be given to any thing of this kind, the assent must be granted to respectable witnesses, who have no interest to delude, and whose characters remove them too far from the temptation of fraud to practice deceit.

Two Apparitions to young Mr. William Lilly.

The following Affair made no inconsiderable Noise in the North, about the Middle of the present [18th] Century, and is still in the Memory of many Men yet living.

ON the first Sabbath day, in the Year 1749, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, a young man intended for the church of Scotland, and who then had made no small progress in literature, remained at home to keep the house, in company with a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, excepting a maid-servant, being at sermon. The young student and the boy being sitting by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for some water, a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself, and after some little ceremony, desired the student to take up the family-bible, which lay on a table, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse in the second book of Kings. The student did so, and read—"there is *death* in the pot."

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot
boil-

boiling on the fire, declaring, that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenick into it, with intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas which she knew her master had lately taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door, announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe heels.—The old gentleman said to the student, remember my warning and save the lives of the family! — and that instant disappeared.

The maid entered with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Mean while, young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat and mixed it for what is called brose or croudy, and when the maid returned he, with the boy, appeared busily employed in eating the mixture. Come, Peggy, said the student, here is enough left for you; are not you fond of croudy? She smiled, took up the dish, and reaching a horn spoon, withdrew to the back room. The shepherd's dog followed her, unseen by the boy, and the poor animal, on the croudy being put down by the maid, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for before the return of the family from church, it was enormously swelled, and expired in great agony.

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present, mean while he attempted to shew his ingenuity in resolving the

Lilly. Art thou the soul of my grandfather, who, amidst uncounted riches perished for want of food?

Ghost. Thou art right. Money was my deity, and Mammon my master: I heaped up the gold of Ophir, like Solomon; but possessed none of his wisdom to use it as the blessing of heaven.

Lilly. I have frequently heard my father mention you, as a fordid, avaricious, miserable man. How did you dispose of the immense riches which you are said to have accumulated by so much toil, drudgery, and self-mortification?

Ghost. It is, for the most part, hidden in a field, in the farm of your father, and I intend that you his son, shall be the sole possessor of it, without suffering your father to know from whence your riches originated. — Do not you recognize my face since the beginning of the last year?

Lilly. Are you the old gentleman whose timous intelligence saved the lives of all our family?

Ghost. I am. Therefore think not your father ill rewarded already.

Lilly. How can I account to him for the immediate accumulation of so much money as you seem to intimate?

Ghost. Twenty thousand pounds, sterling money!

Lilly. You seem even now in your disembodied state to feel much emotion at the mention of much money.

Ghost.

Ghost. But now I cannot touch the money of mortals; else could I quickly wing my unwearied way to the bank of England, or the mines of Mexico, and with gold give a superior glory to my native land.—But I cannot stay: follow me to the field, and I will point out the precise place where you are to dig.

Here the apparition stalked forth around the barn-yard, and Lilly followed him, dreadful and undismayed, till he came to a field about three furlongs from his father's door, when the ghost stood still on a certain spot, wheeled thrice round, and vanished into air.

This proved to be the precise place where young Lilly and his companions had often devoted to pastime, being a hollow, where stone had formerly been dug from. He lost but little time in consideration, for having procured a pick-axe and a spade, he employed a moonlight evening in search of the treasure, and actually discovered it. However, having made the discovery, and not knowing how to apply it to immediate use, being but nineteen years old, and little acquainted with business, he found himself obliged to tell his mother of the adventure, and she told her sister-in-law, and the whole business came to the knowledge of the farmer himself, who sent his son to the university of Edinburgh; settled upon him an handsome fortune; which, with the stipend and glebe, and the manse which he enjoys in the establishment in Scotland, has ever since rendered him respectable, and enabled him to perform many acts of charity in that

that country, as many can testify to this day.

The pots in which the money, consisting of large pieces of gold and silver, were deposited, are still in the possession of the parson, and have often been shewn as curiosities hardly to be equalled in the south of Scotland.

Remarkable Conversion of Henry Webb, related by creditable Witnesses, and attested for facts.

THERE is no truer maxim than, that in endeavouring to shun one extreme, we are often apt to fall into another: this the great Mr. Addison has observed in respect to religion; that, by endeavouring to avoid the cant and hypocrisy formerly too much practised, we have fallen into a habit of being quite ashamed of any religion at all. This too has been the case with every thing uncommon or more than ordinary, especially in regard to spiritual matters; the fear of being imposed upon, and the many idle stories we often hear, makes us refuse to give credit to any thing of this sort, though ever so well attested, and though we have very sensible evidence of a great and good end being answered thereby.

That God Almighty does sometimes make use of extraordinary means, more particularly
in

in the conversion of some sinners, is too well attested by scripture, repeated experience, and the testimony of the wisest and best of men, to admit of any doubt ; and likewise, that he has made use of no method so often as that of visions of the night ; many are the proofs which might be brought from scripture of the truth of this, particularly that very striking and amazing instance recorded in the Book of Job, which the ingenious Mr. Harvey, in his Book of Meditations, lately published, justly says “ is a proof of the reality of them upon some *very extraordinary emergencies*, while it discountenances those legions of idle tales, which superstition has raised, and credulity received ; since it teaches us, that when they come to pass, it is not upon any errand of frivolous consequences, but to convey *intelligencies of the utmost moment*, or to work *impressions of the highest advantage*.” In the 4th Chap. of Job. and the 12th verse, *Eliphaz the Temanite* describes a vision of this nature, which had happened to himself.

Henry Webb, the subject of this relation, was born at Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, being the son of John and Mary Webb, both known for many years in that place, his father being deceased but fourteen months ago, and his mother still residing in or near that place. He had a common education given him, according to their abilities ; and was, when young, put out apprentice to Mr. John Hooper, a cordwainer, in that place, but being wild and disobedient, he soon ran away from his Master and parents, and going
many

many miles distant, and falling into bad company, he soon became a reprobate liver, a common swearer, and sabbath-breaker, having no thoughts of goodness or religion at all: in this state he continued, without any serious reflection, till the 21st year of his age, at which time he worked with Mr. Thomas Eades, at a place called Euley, about five miles from Lymington in Hampshire; where on Monday the 11th of Feb. 1749-50, he was seized with an oppression on the spirits, but continued working till Tuesday about noon, when finding himself worse, he was bled, after which he walked about half a mile, drank half a pint of warm ale at a public house, and then returned home, and sat down by the fire till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, still growing worse, when he went up to bed; in which he had not been long before he seemed to himself to be dying or fainting away, or rather his soul going out of his body; at which time (as he has since been told) the people belonging to the house, hearing a deep groan, came up stairs, and found his arm had burst out a bleeding to the quantity of near two quarts, and him to all appearance, dead, his eyes and teeth being closed, and not the least breath perceivable; upon which, after having applied several remedies to no purpose, they resolved to lay him out in order to be buried; but his master, Mr. Eades, perceiving a small warmth in his body, was resolved he should not be moved out of the bed till he was cold; and in this manner he lay for the space of three nights and days, all which time

he received no manner of sustenance, for though they endeavoured to open his teeth with a spoon, and pour down some cordials, yet, as he is informed by those who administered it, none of it went down.

At the time he felt himself dying away, as we have mentioned above, he seemed to go into fields inexpressibly delightful and pleasant, beautified with streams and fountains of water clearer than chrystal, having at the same time a glorious prospect of heaven before him, to which he directed his steps, not once thinking upon this world, or reflecting on the heinousness of his sins: after some time, he seemed to arrive at the gates of heaven, which shone more glorious and bright than the sun in its greatest lustre: he knocked at the gates, which were immediately opened to him, and he saw within, three men in bright and shining cloathing, far exceeding every thing he had ever seen, and far more glorious than he can express; two of them came out to him, and the gates were immediately shut to again: he entreated of these two men in shining cloaths admittance in at the gate, but was told by them, “it was not a place for any such wicked sinners as he was.” It was at this moment he first had any sense of his sinful life; for as quick as fire catches the dry stubble, so quick and penetrating were the words of the shining one; for no sooner were they spoke, than all the sins he had ever committed in his life seemed to arise before him with all their weight and horror, so that he believes the agonies of hell itself cannot exceed what

what he felt at that time : however, he still kept begging in the most earnest and passionate manner for entrance in at the gate, but was still denied, and in this manner he seemed to continue for several hours : at last, one of the men in bright cloaths, bid him to look on his left hand, which he doing, saw at some distance from him hell itself opened, which seemed covered with the most dismal, lonesome, and doleful darkness, it is possible to imagine, and sent forth a suffocating smell of sulphur ; but he did not discern any flame : he saw a great multitude of persons in it, seemingly in the utmost agonies and torments, and the prince of darkness, as it were, raging as a ravenous lion to come at him : but what struck him with still more horror and despair, was to distinguish the faces of three of his old wicked companions among these tormented wretches, as plain as he ever saw any person with his eyes, and to hear them utter the most dismal cries and sad lamentations, his eyes and attention seemed to fix upon this dreadful scene, that he was not able once to take them off for several hours, or even turn them towards heaven ; neither was he able to utter a word all this time, but at length gaining utterance, he entreated in the most moving manner, the person in the shining cloaths, that he would let him return back, and have some time to repent of and reform his wicked life : but he answered him, “ those were the “ torments he was going to,” which made him beg the more vehemently that he might

be allowed to return and repent, which seemed to be denied him still; till at last, the person told him, that if he was allowed to return he would lead the same course of life; but he cried out and promised in the most solemn manner, that he would amend and lead a new life; upon which this glorious person told him, he would allow him a few months longer; but that if he continued in the same wicked course of life he had hitherto done, he would shorten that time; then he seemed to turn about and direct his steps back again to this world, the person in bright cloathing walking with him for (as it seemed) the space of two or three miles, rebuking him all the way for his sinful life, and telling him, “ he had deserved the punishments he had seen, repeated times, and adding, that if he led the same wicked course of life again, the torments he had seen would be his portion for ever and ever.”

After the departure of this glorious person from him, he seemed to travel for many miles through places dark, desolate, and horrible, beyond all that tongue or pen can express, being at the same time grievously oppressed with this heavy burden of his sins, which then seemed to be all before his eyes, set against him in terrible array. He cannot describe in what manner he returned to life, but is informed that some of the people below stairs, hearing a deep groan, came up into the room, and found life coming into him, which they were greatly surpris'd at, as for two hours before he had felt colder than he had done at all;

all; that he lay for the space of half an hour or more in great strugglings and agonies, and then came quite to himself, and recovered his speech, telling them what things he had seen, and desiring the minister of the place to be fetched to him; who was accordingly sent for, and soon came with his master, Mr. Thomas Eades, and several of the neighbours, who enquired how he did; upon which he repeated to them the same account he had given before of what had happened to him; but the minister suspected he might probaby be light-headed, asked him several questions, and whether he knew those who were in the room, asking him the name of each particular person; and finding him to be thoroughly sensible, and that he gave rational answers to all he asked him, he began (like a truly pious divine), talked him in a more serious manner, telling him how happy a thing it was, that God, through his great mercy and goodness, had not taken him away in his sins; exhorting him to place his faith and confidence in Jesus Christ, (and not in his own works) for that it was through and by him that he must be saved; for unless he was washed clean in his blood, he could not enter into the kingdom of heaven, for no unclean thing could enter there; after some further pious christian discourse, the minister and all who were present, went to prayers with him, and then left him to take some repose.

The next day but one, this worthy divine visited him again, and enquired how he was: to which he replied, “ he was much easier in

“ his mind, but abhorred himself for his sins,
 “ and could tear himself to pieces that he had
 “ not had a sense of them before.”

Many other times was he visited by this clergyman, who in all his visits instructed and exhorted him by religious conversation to amendment of life and faith in Christ Jesus.

But in about a fortnight's time he was seized with a very violent fever, so that his life was despaired of, at which time the heinousness of his sins overwhelmed him with horror, so that he was continually begging every person who came into the room, to pray with and for him; but during all the continuance of his fever, (though he was sometimes light-headed) yet he never saw any thing of what he had done before, which makes it more probable that it did not then proceed from the force of a disordered imagination; for if it had, it is certain that something of the same nature would have happened during his fever, more especially as his whole mind and thoughts had been entirely fixed ever since on what he then saw.

After some time, as it pleased God, the violence of the fever abated, so that he has been able to go about and work at his business, though he still continues in a weak condition.

He has ever since lived a regular, sober, christian life shunning all loose and unprofitable company, not being able to hear any prophane discourse or oaths from the mouths of others, without the greatest uneasiness, and even reproving them for it; he daily
 bewails

bewails his former course of life, and frequently applies to God in prayer, being never so easy as when he is engaged in some religious duty or conversation; he cannot yet speak, (though he has repeated it so many times) of those dreadful things he saw, without being deeply affected; but declares he is ready and willing to die with pleasure, whenever God is pleased to appoint, as he has a strong persuasion of his being made happy hereafter, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Witness to the above facts, Permenia Brewer, No. 18, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square.

William Mumford, Honey-suckle Court, near White-cross Street.

E. Sibley, bookseller, No. 29, Brick-lane, Spital-fields.

A remarkable Narrative of the Apparition of a young Gentlewoman to her Sweetheart (taken down in Writing from the young Man's own Mouth, by the Editor, who, from the young Man's sober Behaviour, believes the Account to true.)

This young gentlewoman lived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September 1764; and her sweetheart was the son of Mr. Haine, a very reputable butcher and grazier, at Scar, about twenty miles from Plymouth.

mouth. The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and, during her illness they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she greatly desired to see him. About the time of her illness, he also was taken sick of a fever, and confined to his room; so that it was above a month after her death, before she made her first appearance to him; which is as follows:

After I had recovered from my illness, says he, I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing; and, returning home just at dusk, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something, as on horseback, pass very swiftly by me; which so affrighted my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible, and I was also much affrighted. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horseback, she appeared on horseback; and when I was on foot, she appeared so too; and her appearances to me were so frequent, that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her; which she never failed to do if I was abroad; but she never appeared to me in my father's house.

It was above a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak; though she gave me all the opportunity she could, by walking often by my side, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her; and it began to bring a great weakness upon me.

I re-

I related the thing to my father and mother, and some others; but they, not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I said, and thought it was only phrenzy; till the following circumstance happened, which was about a week before God gave me power to speak to her.

My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr. Wesley, about a mile off; and one evening about this time, I went with them to light them home, as I often did, with a large lanthorn and candle, and coming home along the high road, she appeared to me as usual; I said to my father, Now, don't you see her? there, there she is! and at the very moment I spoke, the lanthorn was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand; my father and mother, were now both somewhat affrighted at this, and began to believe what I had so often related to them of the apparition, that there was some truth in it. A doctor, who attended me in my illness, to whom I had also related the story, urged me by all means to speak to her, telling me what words to use; and said, it might be of bad consequence, if I neglected it longer.

A few nights after this, as I was sitting in my father's house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God's leave to speak to her. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable, and she appeared to me as usual;

usual; and I said to her, In the name of the Lord Jesus, why do you thus trouble me! and I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back, and said, do not touch me, I am as cold as clay; she spoke out, and blamed me for not speaking to her sooner; and said, that this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me; and had you not spoken to me now, said she, I should have had power to do you some mischief. Then she related to me what she had to say about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from seeing some of her dear relations.* After telling me but her whole mind, she gave me plain directions concerning herself. We conversed together near two hours, till twelve o'clock; and I promised, if possible to fulfil all her instructions. Accordingly,

I set out early next morning, rode near fifty miles, to different parts, fulfilled all her commands, and got back safe to my father's house. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church door where she was buried; this was about two miles from my father's house. She met me at the church porch, expressed her entire approbation of all that I had done, saying, she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more,

* This young lady lived and died with her relations, who having most of her property in their hands, concealed her sickness from her friends: their not being suffered to visit her, was supposed to be the cause of her disquiet, and of Mr. Haine's conference with her.

After a short discourse, which she charged me never to divulge, she said, My time is nearly expired, follow me into the church. The door opening, she entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light; and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music betokened her happiness. She bid me take notice when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church; which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I hastened away and saw her no more.

J. H A I N E.

Apparition of Mr. Thomkins to the Rev. Mr. Warren.

Mr. John Warren, minister of Hatfield-Broad-oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man; being one day in his garden reading Bunyan's Publican and Pharisee, was accosted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into discourse with him upon the words "Shall man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises, while Mr. Thomkins, his neighbour, as he imagined he was discoursing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they discoursed in this sort, till Mr. Warren's servant came and informed him

the dinner was ready, and mistress waited for him: common civility made him ask his neighbour Thomkins to come in with him and eat some dinner, which the latter, with tears now standing in his eyes, refused, saying, "My time is come, and I must away." Mr. Warren thought it very odd, and was proceeding to expostulate with his friend Thompkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon occasion of life and death. Mr. Warren withdrawing towards the house, still held up the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when entering first, he left the door open that Mr. Thompkins might come in; but nobody coming in, he went directly and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind then, and much more soon afterwards, when he found that his neighbour and friend Thompkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day. Mr. Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person, in the garden, and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. Warren, a pious and sensible divine often relates this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his Winter-evening Conferences between Neighbours.

*Lord Mohun's Appearance to his Mistress on
the Morning he was murdered.*

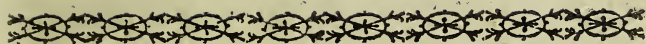
Lord Mohun was a fashionable young gentleman, in the days of king Charles-the First. According to the custom of that time, his sense of honour led him to resent, in a serious manner, an affront, which had produced a quarrel between him and a person of the first quality, though a foreigner, in this kingdom. By appointment they met in Chelsea fields, near a place called Ebery-Farm, and where Lord Mohun was killed, but not without suspicions of foul play.

At the same time Lord Mohun kept company with a certain lady whom he entertained in genteel lodgings in James-street, Covent-Garden. Lord Mohun was murdered about 10 o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress being in bed, saw him come to her bedside, draw the curtains, look upon her and go away: she called after him, but received no answer; she then rung for her maid, asked her for Lord Mohun, but the woman replied, she did not see him, and had the key of the chamber door in her pocket. This account was attested by the lady and her maid, to Mr. Aubrey, who relates it in his *Miscellanies*.

About the same time, Mr. Brown, brother-in-law to Lord Coningsby, discovered his being murdered to several of his friends.

Mr.

Mr. Glanvil relates, that his apparition was seen by his sister and her maid, then dwelling in Fleet-street, at the very hour and minute he was killed, in Herefordshire, which happened in 1692. This circumstance was much talked of at that time.



B O O K III.

CONTAINING A CLEAR DISPLAY OF THE
WORLD OF SPIRITS, SHEWING, THAT
THEIR VISITS ARE PROVIDENTIAL AD-
MONITIONS FOR THE AMENDMENT OF
OUR LIVES. SOMETIMES THE MOST GLO-
RIOUS, AND SOMETIMES THE MOST
DREADFUL THAT THE HUMAN SENSES
HAVE BEEN WITNESS OF; NOT ONLY IN
THE VISIONS OF THE NIGHT, BUT WAK-
ING, AND IN THE OPEN FIELDS; AND
THAT GREAT AND WONDERFUL SECRETS
BOTH OF THIS WORLD, AND OF THAT
TO COME, HAVE BEEN REVEALED TO US
FROM THEM.

CHAP.



C H A P. I.

Apparition, shewing a Pedlar where a large Sum of Money was deposited. — Of a Corpse to Mrs. Stephens of Spitalfields. — Remarkable Narrative of a young Man being several times visited by his sweet-heart, after her decease.

Account of an Apparition, which appeared to a Pedlar, discovering where an immense Sum of Money was hid.

THERE was a pedlar, as is generally reported through Suffolk, who used to travel about the country with his pack, but kept a chamber or warehouse in the market-town, for the disposing and laying up some goods, which he had there, and which were too many at a time to carry them all about with him.

It happened that this man having been abroad late, and coming home with his pack, sat himself down upon a stile, resting his pack
at

at the same time for his ease; while he sat here, there came up to him a ghost, in the appearance of a woman in a white shroud; she came up to him with a smiling countenance, and when she discovered herself, she stepped backward, and holding up a fine white hand, beckoned him with a finger to follow her.

The Pedlar, frightened as he was, immediately followed the apparition; which led him in this manner, going backward, and beckoning with her hand, over two or three fields, till it came to a particular place, where there lay a great stone, and there giving a stamp with its foot, it vanished.

The man takes the hint, marks the stone, and goes home to carry his pack, as we ought to suppose, and comes out next night with a spade and pick-axe, and goes to work, to dig a great pit in the earth.

He had not dug far, before he found a large chest; I say large, for it could not be a small one by what you shall hear presently.

He doubled his diligence when he came to the chest, and with great labour at length got it out of the place; and we may suppose was not long before he found means to split it open, in order to see the contents; for he found it very heavy when he laboured to get it out.

In a word, he found the chest full of silver, that is to say, full of money; then keeping his own council, he took care to deposit it so, that by little and little, he got the money all
safe

safe home, and after that carried the chest home also.

What the sum was that he found here, the story was not particular in ; but it seems that the bulk was such, that the pedlar thought fit to leave off his travelling about the country as a pedlar, takes a house in town, furnishes himself a shop, and becomes a settled inhabitant and shopkeeper.

During his appearance in this figure, it happened that the parish church being exceeding old and out of repair, the parishioners (whether by order of the diocesan, upon a visitation, or by the voluntary act and deed of themselves the parishioners, I know not) resolved to repair the church.

In order to furnish the needful sums for this good work, they call a vestry, and propose a subscription of the inhabitants, for supporting the expence ; the minister and churchwardens go about from house, to see what the charitable parishioners would contribute, and among the rest they at length came to the pedlar's, and he being told their business, desired them to walk in.

After some discourse, and perhaps treating his neighbours, he asks for their roll or subscription paper, in order to subscribe ; looking over the roll, he sees Sir Thomas ——— five pounds, another gentleman five pounds, another ten pounds, another forty shillings, and so on ; come, says he, give a poor pedlar the pen and ink ; will your gentry subscribe no more than that ? he then took the pen and subscribed five and twenty pounds.

Some

Some time after this, having occasion to make a hatch to his shop door, as in the country is very frequent, it happened that sending for a workman to make this hatch, and looking about his old lumber, he found nothing so proper as the old chest that the money was found in, and accordingly a hatch was made of it.

A while after this, as the pedlar was sitting in his shop, he observed an ancient gentleman that lived in the town, and who had the reputation of a scholar, and particularly of a great antiquarian, stand poring very earnestly, with his spectacles on, upon his new hatch; this brought the pedlar to the door, who after waiting a good while, to see what it was the old gentleman had discovered, at last asked him what it was he found upon his new hatch, that was worth so much of his notice.

Truly, neighbour, says the gentleman, what I observe is very remarkable, though I cannot tell the meaning of it; and I suppose it is in a character that you cannot easily read, as well as a language that you do not probably understand.

The pedlar desired that he would read it to him.

Why, says the old gentleman, you do not understand it, when I have read it.

But, Sir, says the pedlar, can you not tell the meaning of it in English.

Why, says the old gentleman, it is the old
Saxon

Saxon English, in the ancient Gothic character, and may be read thus;

— Where this once stood
There stands another, twice as good.

Hum! says the pedlar, that is old stuff indeed; what can that signify.

Nay, says the old gentleman, that I don't know, for who can tell where this stood?

Ay, who indeed? says the pedlar; and, if they did, what can it mean?

They had little more chat of that kind; but in short, the pedlar got rid of his old gentleman as soon as he could, and began to ruminate upon the thing: where this stood, why I know well enough says he to himself, where this stood! I must go and see, it may be there is some more of the same.

But then he argued, why this is so many years ago (six or seven at least, it seems) and if it was a ghost or spirit shewed me it, I warrant she has shewed somebody else the way to the rest: indeed I did not deserve it, that I did not look farther when I was at it, to be sure it is gone by this time.

Well, the man went however; indeed his wife drove him out almost; go, try, says she, you can but come without it.

He goes, and found the place in general, but could not distinguish the particular spot, which was levelled partly by himself when he filled up the hole again, and partly grown up with grass and weeds; so he came back again,
and

and told his wife, he could not punctually find the place, so as to be particular enough to go to work.

Well, says his wife, go in the night; I warrant you the good devil, that shewed you the first will put you in some way to find the rest, if there is any more.

At length, prevailed upon by his wife's importunity away he went, and I think they say his wife went with him: being come to the place, the apparition appeared to them again, and shewed them in the same manner as before, the very spot; and then vanished.

In short, the man went to work, and digged a little deeper than he had done before, and found another chest or coffer, bound about with iron, not so big as the other, but richer; for as the first was full of silver, so this was full of gold.

They carried it home with joy enough, as you may suppose, and opening it, found (as above) a very great treasure. Fame has not handed down the sum; but something may be guessed at by the latter part of the story, which is thus:

It seems all this while the repair of the church (mentioned before) went on but slowly; according to the old saying, it was church work; and a vestry being called upon, the pedlar, (who was present, among the rest of his neighbours) took occasion to complain, that he thought that business was not honestly managed; that it was indeed like church-work, carried on heavily.

Some

Some of the gentlemen took him up a little, and told him, he took too much upon him, that it was none of his affair, that he was not in trust for the work, that they to whom it was committed knew their business, and that he should let it alone, and mind his shop.

He answered, it was true, that he was not trusted with it, if he had, it would have been finished before now; and that he had a right to complain, because he paid to it as well as other people: adding, that if they did not dispatch, he would complain to the bishop and obtain another visitation.

This alarmed the people intrusted, so that they gave him good words, and told him, the truth was, the parish stock was almost gone, and that they had no money to go on, till the gentlemen would come to a second collection.

Say you so? says the pedlar; there may be some reason in that: you cannot go on indeed without money; but pray how much do you want?

They told him it would cost near two hundred pounds more, to finish it, and do but indifferently neither; for the roof wanted to be taken off, and they feared the timber was rotten, and would require so much addition, they were afraid to look into it.

In a word, he bid the churchwarden, call a vestry upon that particular affair, and he would put them into a way to finish it.

A vestry was called; the pedlar told them, that seeing they were poor, and could not
raise

raise money to go on with it, they should leave it with him, and he would finish it.

Accordingly he took the work upon himself, laid out near a thousand pounds, and almost new-built the church; in memory of which, on the glass windows, there stands the figure of the pedlar and his pack, and there is also the apparition beckoning to him, to come to the place where he found the money.

*Apparition of a Corpse to Mrs. Stephens, of
Booth-street, Spital-fields.*

About the year 1611, there lived in Spital-fields, one Mrs. Anne Stephens, a person at that time well known and respected, for her great dealings with the mercers on Ludgate-Hill. This person sitting one evening in her house alone, and musing upon business, happened by accident to look behind her, when, to her great surprise, she saw, as it were, a dead corpse, as she thought, laying extended upon the floor, just as a dead body should be, excepting that the foot of one leg was fixed on the ground, as it is in bed, when one lies with one knee up; she looked at it a while, and by degrees withdrew her eyes from so unpleasing an object: however, a
strange

strange kind of air of curiosity soon overcame her fears, and she ventured a second time to look that way, and saw it for a considerable time longer fixed as before, but yet she durst not stir from her seat. She again turned from the horrible and melancholy spectacle, and re-suming courage, after a little reflection, got up with a design to ascertain herself of the reality of the vision, by going nearer to it; but lo! it was vanished!

This extraordinary sight proved a very good admonition to her; for, taking it for a warning of her approaching dissolution, she, from that hour began to settle her worldly affairs, and had just time to see them in a regular posture, when she was taken ill of a pleurisy which carried her off in seven days.

This relation is taken from the hand-writing of Mrs. Ramell, a most respectable weaver's wife at Haggerstone, and sister-in-law to Mrs. Stephens of Booth-street.

The Story of David Hunter, Neat-herd to the Bishop of Down and Connor, at Portmore in Ireland.

David Hunter, neat-herd at the Bishop's house at Portmore, there appeared to him one night, carrying a log of wood into the dairy, an old woman, which amazed him, for he knew

knew her not; but the fright made him throw away his log of wood and run into the house. The next night she appeared again to him, and he could not chuse but follow her all night; and so almost every night for near three quarters of a year. Whenever she came, he must go with her through the woods at a good round rate; and the poor fellow looked as if he was bewitched and travelled off his legs. And when in bed with his wife, if she appeared, he must rise and go. And because his wife could not hold him in his bed, she would go too and walk after him till day, though she see nothing; but his little dog was so well acquainted with the apparition, that he would follow her as well as his master. If a tree stood in her walk, he observed her always to go through it. . In all this while she spake not.

But one day the said David going over a hedge, into the highway, she came just against him, and he cried out, “ Lord blefs me, “ would I was dead; shall I never be deliver- “ ed from this misery?” At which, and the Lord blefs me too, says she, it was very happy you spoke first, for till then, I had no power to speak, though I have followed you so long. My name, says she, is Margaret —, I lived here before the war, and had one son by my husband: when he died I married a soldier, by whom I had several children, which that former son maintained, else we must have all starved. He lives beyond the Baun-water, pray go to him, and bid him dig under such a hearth, and there he shall find twenty-eight shillings. Let him pay what I

owe in such a place, and the rest to the charge unpaid at my funeral; and go to my son that lives here, which I had by my latter husband, and tell him that he lives a wicked and a dissolute life, and is very unnatural and ungrateful to his brother that maintained him; and if he does not mend his life, God Almighty will destroy him.

David Hunter told her he never knew her. No, says she, I died seven years before you came into the country; but for all that, if he would do her message, she would never hurt him. But he deferred doing as the apparition bid him, and she appeared the night after as he lay in bed, and struck him on the shoulder very hard; at which he cried out, and asked her if she did not promise she would not hurt him? She said, that was if he did her message; if not, she would kill him. He told her, he could not go now, by reason the waters were out. She said, she was content he should stay till they were abated; but charged him afterwards not to fail her. So he did her errand, and afterwards she appeared and gave him thanks. For now, said she, I shall be at rest, therefore pray you lift me up from ground, and I will trouble you no more. So David Hunter lifted her up from the ground, and, as he said, we felt just like a bag of feathers in his arms. So she vanished, and he heard most delicate music as she went off, over his head, and he never was more troubled.

This account the poor fellow gave us every day as the apparition spoke to him; and my Lady Conway came to Portmore, where she
asked

asked the fellow the same questions and many more. This I know to be true, being all the while with my Lord of Down, and the fellow a poor neat-herd there.

THOMAS ALCOCK.

An authentic though strange Relation, of one Mr. Booty, a very avaricious worldly-minded Man, whose Appearance was seen going up into burning Mountain; with some Remarks.

Extracted from Captain Spinks's Journal, and also the Court of K. B. Records. [See Mr. Wesley's Arminian Magazine for January, Vol. VI.]

Captain Barnaby, Cap. Bristow, and Capt. Brewer, sailed together for the island of Lufara, and came to anchor there, and all went on shore, in order to shoot Curlews (a large bird) on Mount Strombolo, also Mr. Bell, a merchant of Wentworth. While there, we saw (say they) two men running with great

L 2

swift-

swiftness; and Captain Barnaby cried out, "Lord bless me! the foremost man is Mr. Booty, my near neighbour in London:" he had on grey clothes, with cloth buttons of the same: the other was in black; they both ran straight into the burning mountain; and at that instant there was such a hideous noise as made us all to shudder. And when we came on board, we wrote it down on our journal, both the day and the hour, which was May the 6th, but no date of the year mentioned.

We set sail again, and came to Gravesend the October following. Captain Barnaby went on shore, was met by his friend, who welcomed him home. After some short discourse, Mr. Barnaby's wife said, "I can tell you some news; Old Booty is dead." — "That we all know," says he, "for we saw him run into hell," meaning the burning mountain, which so much resembles that horrid place. This saying coming to Mrs. Booty's ears, she entered an action against Capt. Barnaby, of 1000l. damages, for scandal, and it was tried in the court of King's Bench. The three captains, Mr. Bell, and all the seamen were there and gave oath they all saw him run, or was driven into the burning mountain, mentioning his coat and buttons, which was produced in court; also the time of his death, which, by those that were with him at that time, answered exactly to every thing as entered in their journal. When all were heard on all sides, the Lord Chief Justice summed up

up the evidence, saying, "that two or three persons might be mistaken, but we cannot suppose that above thirty were." So the verdict was given for the defendant.

This circumstance happened in the reign of king Charles the Second.



C H A P. II.

Remarkable Instances of Persons who have appeared to their Friends, when they have been in great Danger, and sometimes just expiring.

Of a Lady in Virginia-street, who saw her Husband when he was in Danger at Sea.

A Certain lady of my acquaintance, going out of her chamber into a closet in the adjoining room, saw her husband walking along in the room before her: she immediately comes down in great surprise, tells the family she had seen her husband, and she was sure it was he; though at the same time she knew her husband (who was the commander of a ship) was at sea, on a voyage to or from the Capes of Virginia.

The family takes the alarm, and tells her, that, to be sure, her husband was dead, and that she should be sure to set down the day of the month, and the hour of the day; and it was

was ten thousand to one but she should find that he died that very moment, or as near as could be found out.

About two months after, her husband comes home very well, but had an accident befall him in his voyage, viz. that stepping into the boat, or out of the boat, he fell into the sea, and was in danger of being lost; and this they calculated upon to be as near the time as they could judge, that he appeared to his wife.

Apparition of Sir John Owen to his Lady, to warn her from her extravagant Way of living.

Sir John Owen was a person of note, and of well-known credit; his lady and one of her sons lived here in London; and being of a gay disposition, and given to live high and expensive, it was thought she spent beyond what the Knight could afford, and that he was sensible of it, and uneasy about it. She had a very good house in London, and a country house, or lodgings for the summer, at Hampstead, and kept a great equipage; the consequence of these things did at last prove, that Sir John's dislike of it was justly founded; but that's by the bye

It happened one day, the lady being at her country lodgings, a person well-dressed, appearing

pearing very much like a gentleman, came to her city house, and knocked at the door, asked the maid if there were any lodgings to be let there, and if her lady was at home? the maid answered no, there were no lodgings to let there; and speaking, as if it was with some resentment, lodgings! says she, no, I think not! my lady does not use to let lodgings. Well, but sweetheart, says he, don't be displeased, your lady has had some thoughts of staying at her summer lodgings all the winter, and so would dispose of some apartments here for the parliament season; and I am directed by herself to look upon the rooms, and give my answer; let me but just see them, child, I shall do you no harm: so he stepped in, and as it were pushed by her, going into the first parlour, and sat down in an easy chair, his servant staying at the door; and as the maid did not apprehend any mischief, she went in after him; for he did not look like one that came with an ill design, or to rob the house, but looked like a gentleman that could have no such intent; so I say she went in after him.

When she came in, he rose up, and looking about the room, he found fault with every thing there, even the furniture, and the disposition of it; nothing pleased him; but this was not because they were not good enough for him, but that all was too good, and too rich, far above her quality that owned it; and said, that the lady did not know what she did, that it was an expence she could not carry on, and her estate would not support it; and that

that such a way of living would bring her and all the family to ruin and beggary, and the like.

By and by she carried him into another parlour, and there he found fault in the same manner: he told her, he was surpris'd at what her lady meant, and that she lived at so extravagant a rate as Sir John's estate could never maintain, but would run him into debt and ruin him; and so he would be undone by her extravagance.

Upon this the maid began to take him short a little, and told him, that this was all out of the way to what he came about; if the lodgings were too good for him, that was his business indeed, but else he had nothing to do with her lady's conduct, and how she pleas'd to furnish her house; that her master was a gentleman of a great estate, and had large plantations in Jamaica; that he constantly supplied her lady with money sufficient for her support, and for all her expences; and she wonder'd he should trouble himself with that which she was sure was none of his business: in short, the girl huff'd him, and ask'd him what it was to him, who was quite a stranger, how her lady liv'd?

However, he turns to the maid, and sitting down again, calmly enter'd into some discourse with her about her lady, and her way of living, and told so many of the secrets of the family to her, that she began to be more mild with him, and perceiv'd that he knew more of the family than she thought he had, or in-

deed than she did herself; at last the girl began to be very uneasy, and to question with herself, whether it was not her master, come over incognito, and that he had not yet discovered himself.

She tried several times to learn who he was, his quality, his country, his name, and how she might send to him; but he always put it off, and only told her he would go to Hampstead, where her lady lodged, and wait upon her lady himself; and so treating the servant very civilly, and thanking her for showing him the house, he went away in form, with his servant following him, so that he did not vanish as an apparition.

Yet all this time the poor girl was very uneasy; she began to think it could not be an ordinary creature, because he gave such strange and particular accounts of things done in the family; such as, where several things were deposited that belonged to the family, with several circumstances belonging to her mistress, to her little son, and to his father in the west-Indies: and, in short, said some things, which, as she imagined, none but the devil could tell of; which by the way, was talking as ignorant people talk of such things; namely, that if any thing be said, or done, out of the ordinary way, and more than is common for men to talk or to do, they will immediately say, it must be the devil.

The poor girl was very much surpris'd at this gentleman's appearance, and more so after he was gone than before; for he did not give her time to reflect upon the particulars he mentioned

tioned to her; but relating one thing after another, she had enough to do to take in the heads of things in general.

But when he was gone, and she came to reflect and compare things together, she began to consider, who could this possibly be? how could he know such and such things? how could he tell whose picture that was? where my mistress had such a suit of curtains, and such a cabinet? Who must he be, to tell me how long my master has been at Jamaica; how much his estate is there, and how much money he has sent my lady over, at such and such times? This must be the devil in my master's clothes; something must be in it; I'll go to my lady, and let her know it all; and with this the maid gets a woman, that used to be trusted in such cases, to look after the house, and away she goes to Hampstead to her mistress.

I think it is a part of the story, that the gentleman desired she would acquaint her mistress with it; that such a person had been there, and gave her some particular tokens, by which he said her mistress would understood who he was; and that she should tell her what he said, that her income would not support the expences she lived at, but that it would bring her to ruin, and she would be undone; but this part I do not positively remember; but am certain that he told the maid it would be so.

However, the poor girl, the more she ruminated upon the thing, the more she was alarmed at it: At length, away she went, as I have said, to give her lady an account of

what had happened; and she was the more eager to go, because she understood him, that he intended to wait upon her himself, to talk about the lodgings, and so she would prepare her lady to receive him, and to consider what kind of a man it must be, that she might not be frightened at him; but he had been too quick for the maid.

When she came to Hampstead, she found her mistress lying upon the bed, and so very ill, that they at first told her she could not be spoke with. Don't tell me, says Mary (the London maid), I must speak with her, and will speak with her; for I have extraordinary business with her. What extraordinary business can you have? says the lady's woman, in a taunting manner; if your business was from the devil, you can't speak with my lady just now, for she is very ill, and laid down upon the bed.

From the devil, says Mary, I don't know but it may, and I believe it is indeed; so I must speak with my lady immediately.

Nay, says the woman, here has been one messenger too many from the devil already, I think; sure you don't come of his errand too, do ye?

I don't know whose errand I come of, but I am frightened out of my wits; let me speak with my lady presently, or I shall die before I deliver my message.

Die! says the woman; I wish my lady don't die before she can hear it; pry'thee Mary, if it be any thing to frighten her, don't tell it her just now, for she is almost frighed to death already.

Why,

Why, says Mary, has my lady seen any thing?

Ay, ay: seen! says the woman, she has seen and heard too; here has been a man who has brought her some dreadful tidings, I don't know what it is.

They talked this so loud, or were so near, that the lady hearing something of it, and immediately rang the bell for her woman.

When the woman went in, Who is that, below, says the lady, talking so earnestly? is any body come from London?

Yes, Madam, says the woman, here is Mary come to speak to your ladyship.

Mary come, says she, in a surprize, what can be the matter! why, sure, has she seen something too? mercy on me, what's the matter! what does she say?

She does not say much, Madam, says the woman, but she wants mightily to speak with your ladyship, and is in a great hurry.

What, says the lady, is she frightened?

I believe she is, says the woman, but she will tell nothing but to yourself.

Oh, I shall die! says the lady; call her up.

Pray, Madam, says the woman, don't call her up till your ladyship has recovered yourself a little from your other disorders; she'll tell you some wild tale or other of her own imagination, that will discomfit you, and do you mischief.

O, says the lady, let her have whatever she will to say, I do insist upon hearing it; if it
should

should be from the devil, it cannot be worse than it is; call her up, I must speak with her.

Accordingly Mary came up, and the woman was ordered to withdraw.

As soon as the door was shut, the lady again burst into tears; for she had before been crying vehemently. O Mary, says she, I have had a dreadful visit this afternoon; your master has been here.

My master! why, madam, that's impossible.

Nay, it was your master, I am sure, or the devil in his likeness.

In a word, it is certain it was her husband in apparition, or the apparition of her husband, and he talked very warmly and closely to her, and told her his estate would not support her expensive way of living, and that she would bring herself to misery and poverty; and a great deal more to the same purpose as he had said to Mary.

Mary immediately asked her ladyship, what manner he appeared in; and by the description that her mistress gave, it was exactly the same figure that had appeared to her, and desired to see the lodgings; so Mary gave her ladyship a particular relation of what had happened to her also, and of the message she was charged to deliver.

What followed upon this alarm, and how the lady was reduced, and obliged to sell her fine furniture and equipage, and came to very low circumstances, though it be a part of the story,

story, is not so much to my purpose in the relation. But what is remarkable to the case in hand is, that they alledge, that just at the juncture, Sir John Owen, the lady's husband, died in the West-Indies. I suppose, by his death, her supplies were immediately stopped, and that was the occasion of her being reduced so suddenly.

This relation is taken from a manuscript, late in the possession of Sir Owen Ap Owen, of Brecknockshire : the circumstance happened in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign.



C H A P. III.

Apparition of James Haddock to Francis Taverner, in Ireland.

James Haddock's Apparition to Francis Taverner upon the Highway.

IN the year 1662, an apparition was seen by one Francis Taverner, on the highway; the man having courage to speak to it, asks boldly, who he is? and the apparition tells him he is James Haddock, and gives him several tokens to remember him by, which Taverner also calling to mind, owns them; and then at once demands of the apparition what business he had with him? The apparition did not tell his business that night; but would have had Taverner to ride back his way with him, and he would then tell him his business, which

which Taverner refused, and went home very much affected.

However, the next night the apparition comes to him again, and then tells him the business, which was, to desire him to go to his wife, whose maiden name was Eleanor Welsh, but was then married again, to one Davis, which Davis withheld the lease from the orphan, Haddock's son, and tell her she should cause justice to be done to the child.

Taverner neglected to perform this errand, and was so continually followed by the apparition, that it became exceeding terrible to him; and at length it threatened to hurt him if he did not go of his errand.

Upon this, Taverner goes and delivers the message to the woman, who it seems took very little notice of it; and then the apparition came again, and told him he must go to his executor, and do the same errand; and which, it seems, he did not chuse to do, for fear of Davis.

[Here I must inform the reader, that this story made so much noise in the country, and the particulars appeared to be so faithfully related by Taverner, that abundance of persons of note came to him, to have the relation from his own mouth, and among the rest the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, whom I name in reverence, not so much to his dignity only as in respect to his known piety and seriousness in religion; being the truly learned Dr. Jeremy Taylor, author of a celebrated book, entitled Rules of Holy Living and Dying.]

This

This Rev. Divine sent for the said Francis Taverner, to examine him about this strange scene of Providence, so the Bishop called it; and he did examine him strictly about it; and the account says, his Lordship was fully satisfied, that the apparition was true and real; that is to say, it was true, that there really was such an apparition.

Now, all this is within the bounds of what I have laid down, viz. That there are really apparitions, and these apparitions do personate such and such bodies, or shapes, whose names they take upon them, and whose persons they represent.

But as for the rest, I think all the notions that the people then entertained of it, and even the Bishop among the rest, must be very erroneous and mistaken. For,

1. The Bishop understood the story, as if this apparition was really the soul of the departed James Haddock, as appeared by a second examination of Taverner by his Lordship; for the Lady Conway, and other persons of quality, hearing that the Bishop had sent for Taverner to examine him, went in order to be present at the examination; and the Bishop being gone to a town called Hillborough, three miles off, the company all went thither, and Taverner was sent for to them, and there examined over again concerning all the particulars, and answered again to the satisfaction of all the company.

But here (and for this reason I relate this part) his Lordship after asking many more questions,

questions, concluded by advising Taverner to ask the apparition, when it came again, Whence are you? Are you a good or an evil spirit? by which his Lordship is to be understood, Are you in a good or bad state? for his next question was, Where is your abode?—What station do you hold? How are you regimented in the other world? and what is the reason that you appear for the relief of your son in so small a matter, when so many widows and orphans are oppressed in the world, being defrauded of greater matters, and none of their relations appear to right them?

The very same night, Taverner meeting the apparition again, who, it seems, was fully satisfied with what he had done in delivering the message to the executor, at this time of appearing, Taverner asked him the above questions, but the apparition gave no answer, and indeed it could not be expected that curiosity should be answered.

For, as I said above, it is evident by the questions that the Bishop, in all these examinations fell in with the vulgar error of the time about such apparitions; namely, that it was the soul of James Haddock; and well indeed might he ask how he came to appear, when others, in cases of greater moment did not.

But he should have asked, How is it possible that you, who are dead, should be acquainted with these circumstances, when the word of God says expressly, the dead know not any thing, and that all their love and hatred is perished?

rished? Had he asked him that, perhaps he might have told him, that he was not the soul of James Haddock, but a good spirit, sent from the invisible world by the especial direction of heaven, to right a poor, ruined, oppressed orphan, abandoned to injury by its own unnatural mother. But to talk of the soul of James Haddock, and what station it held in the other world, the apparition might well disappear, and give no answer to it.

Now, as in other cases, what spirit it was may be worth taking notice of; here is not the least room to suggest that it was the devil, or an evil spirit; and therefore the Bishop was wrong in that too, to ask if it was a good or an evil spirit; for how should his wisdom judge, who was himself a good man, that an evil spirit should come of a good errand, to right an injured orphan, an oppressed fatherless child! The devil, or any evil spirit, could hardly be supposed to move about such business.

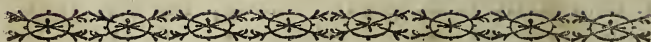
It is to be observed here, and might have been added to the story, that the said Davis and his wife, though, it seems, much against their inclination, did give up the lease to the child, the son of that James Haddock, with this dismal circumstance attending it, viz. That about five years after, and when the Bishop was dead, one Costlet, who was the child's trustee, threatened to take away the lease again, railed at Taverner, and with the most terrible imprecations upon himself, denied his knowing any thing of the lease, and threatened to go to law with the orphan.

But

But one night being drunk at the town of Hill-Hall, near Lisburne in Ireland, where all this scene laid, going home, he fell from his horse, and never spoke more; so the child enjoyed the estate peaceably ever after.

In a word, the little injured orphan seemed to be the care of heaven, in a particular manner; and the good angel, which appeared in its behalf, without doubt executed God's justice upon the wicked drunken oppressor, the trustee; and, as he imprecated vengeance on himself, so that same spirit might be commissioned to see it fall upon him.

However it may be, these appearances may be looked upon as awful warnings to a careless world, and too serious to be entirely flighted.



C H A P. IV.

*Lord Bacon's Apparition to Lord Middleton.—
 Henry Jacob to his Cousin at Canterbury:—
 Robert Nelson, Esq. the Author of the Festi-
 vals, to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth
 Hastings.—A strange Warning to a reprobate
 Publican.—Original Anecdotes communicated
 to the Editor.*

*Lord Bacon's Apparition to Lord Middleton, as
 related by Mr. Aubrey.*

SIR William Dugdale informed several gentlemen that Major-general Middleton, afterwards created Lord, went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for king Charles I. an old gentleman, that was second-sighted, met him and told him, that his attempt, though laudable, would not be successful; and that besides they would
 put

put the king to death: and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain, but that his son would come in, although it would be long first, and should at last be restored. — This nobleman had a great friendship with the Laird Bocconi, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. It happened that the Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and sent up to London: while he was confined in the Tower, under three locks, one day in the morning, lying pensive in his bed, Bocconi appeared to him. My Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive? He replied, that he was dead, and had been so many years, but that he was come to revive his hopes, for that in a very short time, within three days, he should escape: this fell out as it was foretold, and he did so in his wife's cloaths. When he had performed his message, he lightly tript about the room, like a vapour, then gathered up and vanished.

This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh, who had inserted it in his Miscellanies, which is now deposited, with other books in the Museum at Oxford.

*Apparition of the learned Henry Jacob, to his
Cousin Doctor Jacob, M. D. in the City
of Canterbury.*

[*From Wood's Athenæ. Oxon. Part 2.
Page 91.*]

Henry Jacob was a man of good learning as any in the college he belonged to, which was Merton, in Oxford, where he died in 1673. About a week after his death, Dr. Jacob being in his bed, and awake, and the moon shining bright, saw his cousin Henry standing by his bed, in his shirt, with a white cap on his head, and his beard, which he wore very particular, turning up, just as when he was alive.

At first the Doctor questioned himself as to the reality of his being awake, and getting up in a sitting posture, for a while looked at the phantom before him with a mixture of dread and astonishment: at last, he lay himself down, and thought to compose himself to sleep again; but curiosity urged him on to have another look, and he first turned himself only on his side, when he saw his cousin standing there as before; he again lay down, but soon after taking courage, rose up as at first, and there saw the same Henry Jacob, in
the

the same form as before, but yet he had not sufficient courage to speak to him, for which he ever after blamed himself. He was certain he was awake, for he pinched himself, coughed and spit, and several times wiped his eyes with his hand. The spectre stood full half an hour before him, and then vanished.

Dr. Jacob immediately got up and went down, and while he was relating the story, the cook-maid, who had gone out to fetch wood to keep up the fire, returned in great trepidation having seen a ghost standing like in a shirt upon the wood pile.

This account was sent in a letter from Dr. Jacob to Mr. Anthony Wood to be inserted in the life of Henry Jacob, which Mr. Wood was then writing.

It was remarkable, that when Henry Jacob died, he would fain have spoken to the people around him but could not, his tongue faltered; and it is imagined he would have informed them with what persons he had deposited his M.S.S. They were all the riches he possessed, and it is more than probable that *somebody* that had them afterwards, printed and published them under their own name. Mr. Aubrey also reports this passage from Dr. Jacob himself who related the whole to him when at Lord Teynham's in Kent, where he was then in a medical capacity.

Apparition of Robert Nelson, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Hastings, at Ledstone in the Country of York.

* This lady was very remarkable for her piety and charity. The company she saw was none but the most eminently pious, and their discourse, when assembled, was chiefly serious and improving. Archbishop Sharpe, Dr. Lucas, Mr. Nelson, and the philosopher Locke, were her most intimate friends. Mr. Nelson was the first called away, and between him and this lady it seems there subsisted a sort of religious compact for a communication of spirits in the hour of extremity, for in her last illness she was constantly anxious and in expectation of a messenger of glad tidings, as she called him whom she waited for.

For a while her friends, household, and servants, thought that the severity of the pain she suffered, which proceeded from a cancer in her breast, had rendered her somewhat delirious: but in this they deceived themselves, for she convinced them at last, that her hope was rational, in declaring that in a short time she should be able to tell the exact hour of her departure.

* See her story in the Tatler No. 42. and where her character is drawn under the name of the Aspasia.

She called for a manuscript volume of notes of her own writing, and shewed her brother, the Earl of Huntingdon, a memorandum which plainly mentioned, that something like an agreement had been made between her and Mr. Nelson, that the first that died should return if consciously possible, and warn the other of the approaching period and termination of life.

During the whole of her illness two proper nurses sat up with her, relieving each other at intervals for rest in the night. On the morning of the sixth day previous to her dissolution, about four o'clock, there came visibly into the room the form and appearance of a grave and venerable looking gentleman: the nurse saw it plainly, and related how he was dressed; which was exactly the general appearance of the late Mr. Nelson, as the family well remembered when she related the vision in the morning at breakfast. Lady Hastings was all the while seemingly asleep. The phantom, after standing a while at the side of the bed, sat down in an elbow chair which chanced to be near, but said not a word. The nurse, after beholding it a short time, rung a bell for a servant to come down to her, but not being answered, she took light in her hand, and went to call her up; but before she could return it was gone, and Lady Hastings being then awake, rebuked her servants for their silly fears, and said, she had now the sweet assurance of relief from her pain, in six days, which happened accordingly.

This story is so well attested that it has passed into several serious works, and more than once has been mentioned in the pulpit. Mr. Thomas Barnard, who wrote her historical character, and published it, with an account of her public charities, mentions it with some additional circumstances not within the plan of this work.

The truly religious, (says Mr. Hervey), whose evidences for heaven are clear, rational, and well grounded, have a tide of joy springing up in their minds beyond expression; something more moving and satisfactory, than any one can imagine but they that perceive it.—When they are just entering upon the Promised Land, the splendor of the eternal day dawns upon them, and shines through the breaches of their shattered bodies, and raises in the inward man such earnestness of happiness, such foretastes of joy, as enable them to pass through the valley of death in peace and triumph.

Strange Warning to a reprobate Publican.—From the Armenian Magazine.

In Bethnal-Green, and near the school-house, there is a public-house known by the name of the Gibraltar, which was long kept by one John Harris a native of Birmingham, and silver plater by trade. This man for many years,

years, encouraged by his great success in business, led a very irregular life, inasmuch that he lost his trade in the public house, and getting into a disorderly way entirely, the parish officers and justice refused to renew his license, and for a whole year he was feign to keep his house close. During this interval, having dismissed his servants, and his wife having left him for some words which had happened; as he sat by the parlour fire, it being the winter-time, he heard the bar bell ring, which made him wonder much, knowing there was nobody in the house but himself. At first he paid but little attention, but upon hearing it distinctly a second time, he got up and went to the back-door, suspecting some one had entered that way and was putting a trick upon him; but finding all safe, he returned to the fireside, wondering much at the oddness of the thing, when all of a sudden the bell fell a ringing again, though not in so quick a tone as before, but somewhat more regularly, as if the hand that pulled it held it for a while.

Disturbed at this extraordinary call, he got up, determined to discover the cause, and taking the poker in his hand, being the first thing he could lay hold on, he passed through the bar into the back room, where, to his great astonishment and terror, for he allowed that he was severely frightened, he beheld the figure of a good-looking female personage, dressed in brown, much like a quaker, seated in a chair, between the two back windows,

and leaning upon a long stick, which seemed to support her.

At first Mr. Harris was too much affected to speak, for though very valiant and noisy in company, there was something about the figure before him which declared her not to be of this world: besides, his own conscience upbraided him with more evil than his memory could just then recollect. However, he summoned power enough to put the old foolish question, “what art thou?” and with that fell on his knees in a devout manner to pray. “What I am is not now my business to relate, but what you may hereafter become if you do not amend your life and manners; so get up man, and remember the warning voice of one from the dead. You have but a few years to live, make the most of your time, and train up your daughter *Phebe* in a good way, and keep her from such and such company, or she will die young, violently, and by the force of justice. Consider her life is just now in your hands, a little time will place it out of your power to reverse the evil that awaits her.—Remember this and live accordingly.”—With this she seemed to strike the ground with her stick and immediately disappeared, leaving Mr. Harris much astonished at what he had both heard and seen. and only lamenting that he had no witnesses to the truth of this accident.

Be it as it will, it produced a wonderful alteration in him for the best; and though his former

former companions laughed at him for becoming a methodist, he ever after adhered to the paths of prudence and sobriety. I knew him in the year 1765, a very orderly and sober man, and from his invariable relation of this matter have no doubt of its truth.

The prediction with respect to his daughter Phebe was too fatally accomplished a few years since, she being burnt for treason as it is called, that is, for counterfeiting the current coin called a shilling.

A new and remarkable Anecdote of Mr. William Hamilton Reid, a Person well known to the literary World by the versatility and originality of his poetic Genius.

It seems, that to gratify a penchant for the superb, the magnificent, and the antique, in building, when a child, he frequently neglected school, not for the usual diversions of children, but to obtain a view of all the churches in London, during the hours of prayer in the working days!

The same disposition, when he was about thirteen years of age, and in Warwickshire, led him something out of his way in a solitary walk one Sunday evening, in the winter, to take a view of an ancient hall then uninhabited since pulled down. The court-yard being

made use of to prepare timber for some houses building near at hand, he had easy access, and had been sometime indulging this pleasing propensity, when his attention was excited by the appearance of what he supposed to be two young ladies, unattended and coming from the new buildings into the court! As Mr. Reid was not perfectly assured that the hall was not inhabited, it was then only that, and their want of attendance that excited his curiosity; he kept his eyes upon them as much as consistent with good manners till they passed within a few yards of him in their way to the door of the house, the opening of which, though it was the principal thing he expected, he was disappointed of, by their vanishing when upon the steps of it imperceptibly and instantaneously! Notwithstanding this, as Mr. Reid had not yet the least idea of a spectre, he still imagined that they were gone down the area into the kitchen, as frequent in gentlemen's houses in London, &c.; but in this he was soon set right, by coming up to the place, the windows of which being shut, and the area full of standing water, presented a true picture of desolation! It was not till that moment that fully undeceived him that he felt the least emotion of fear; he accordingly left the spot with some precipitation, and telling his story to his juvenile companions, received an answer that he observed is vulgarly characteristic of every antique building, viz. "that it
 " was haunted!" The account Mr. Reid then gave of these appearances was, "That they
 " seemed to him to be two young ladies, one
 " about

“ about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and
 “ the other eleven or twelve, that they were
 “ without caps; that their hair was plaited
 “ and powdered; that their eyebrows were
 “ black, and that their gowns, which were
 “ red damask spangled with silver, had cross
 “ leading strings at the back of them; —
 “ that they were very pale, and that the
 “ least of them walked on the side towards
 “ him.”

Such is the simple and undisguised relation
 of a person so far from credulity in matters of
 this kind, that since that period, he has not
 scrupled to call it a deception of the sight! —
 The most striking features of this relation
 however the most strongly evince its reality;
 as in the first place, Mr. Reid being without
 fear or apprehension of spectres, &c. neither
 his prejudice or his imagination, could have
 any hand in imposing upon him.

Secondly.—Not knowing the place before,
 the bare report of its being haunted could not
 have the least influence upon his judgment.

And thirdly.—The reality of the appear-
 ance is proved by the simplicity of the first ac-
 count he gave of their dress, viz. that they
 had cross leading strings to their gowns!
 whereas he should have said *hanging sleeves*,
 which were much in vogue about half a cen-
 tury ago!

I forgot to remark, that such ladies appear-
 ing without attendance in such a lonely situa-
 tion must have been a strong stimulus to cu-
 riosity. As for Mr. Reid's subsequent opinion,

that it might have been a deception of the sight, that may rather arise from the reluctance indulged by every man of sense against appearing in company with common relators of such circumstances, who are in general as much too credulous. The reader is left upon the whole to make his own comments; however, Mr. Reid's relation has this singularity attending it, viz. that while other relators in common have seen but one ghost, he has had the advantage of them by seeing two.

B O O K IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE MANY OBJECTIONS AGAINST THIS SPECIE OF MANIFESTATION, THE WISEST AMONG THE ANCIENTS AS WELL AS MODERNS, HAVE HAD IN THEIR DAYS CONVINCING EVIDENCES OF THE REAL APPEARANCE OF DISEMBODIED SPIRITS; AND WE HAVE IN SCRIPTURE, AS WELL AS IN HISTORY, MANY INSTANCES OF ANGELS AND THE SPIRITS OF DECEASED PERSONS APPEARING TO THEIR FRIENDS ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS, WHERE EITHER THE CAUSE OF GOD, THE BENEFIT OF MAN, OR THE DISQUIETUDE OF THEIR OWN SOUL HAS BEEN CONCERNED.



C H A P. I.

*Three remarkable Cures performed by the Advice
of Supernatural Information.*

ABOUT the year 1732, there lived in Bishopsgate-street without, an honest, industrious man, one Mr. Jones, who followed the business of retailing tobacco and making up herb snuff of various qualities. He was well known to Mr. Lockyer, at that time and since so famous for his pills, and from whose family the following remarkable particulars are reported.

This honest man had been for many years much disturbed and tormented in his body, and had recourse for relief to all the most eminent physicians of the age, even from Dr. Daniel Turner, of Devonshire-square, to the great Dr. Ratcliff himself: but all was to no purpose; each Doctor declared him a wonder and a mystery to the then known practice of their art, and left him as much a wonder as they found him. Neither could the professors of surgery guess at his ailment, which seemed to

all

all a complication of diseases : and after having spent from first to last, all his substance in search of cure, he found all their endeavours ineffectual.

The ignorant and superstitious adjudged the disorder to witchcraft ; but the more discerning considered him as under the afflicting hand of Providence, who would deliver him in his own time.

The task therefore of curing him was reserved to a supernatural power. It happened one evening as he was sitting alone in his own bed-room, and no person in the house, he heard somebody come into the room, the door of which was only upon the latch, and turning, he saw a venerable old man with white hair and beard, and of a more reverend aspect than any person he could recollect to have ever seen. The emotion which this visitant's sudden appearance caused in Mr. Jones's mind prevented him from asking him whom he was, and from whence, and the illness of his body hindered him from observing the common rules of civility in accomodating him with a seat ; but the visitor was not of this world and therefore sought not the civilities of it. " I am
 " come, friend, to direct thee to use the means
 " for thy recovery : every morning, as thou
 " risest, drink half a pint of thine own water,
 " and after thou findest relief, reduce the
 " quantity to half, but add half a pint of the
 " decoction of ground-ivy, and then return
 " thanks to thy God who gives thee blessings."
 " sings."

Mr.

Mr. Jones received the advice with the respect the gravity of it required, and taking courage to speak, saw the apparition, for such it certainly was, retire, the door being shut it seemed to open and shut again; and when Mr. Jones's nurse came in, he related to her what he had seen, which she entirely then attributed to the state of his mind, for she observed that as the door was locked, and she had the key in her pocket, nobody could enter without her knowledge. But the case, however was a fact, that Mr. Jones observing the directions he had received in this extraordinary manner, recovered so far as to be able to go about his ordinary business, and to hear sermon at his usual place of worship.

Whatever some may dispute upon this subject, there are other stories of this kind upon record, which may serve to shew, that the agency of spiritual beings is sometimes permitted in this world. Mr. Aubrey cites from good and respectable oral tradition the two following stories; in the first of which the advice not being followed, was succeeded by death, and the other produced as sudden and wonderful a change.

Farmer Good, a neighbour of Mr. Aubrey, near his country seat at Broad Chalk, being ill of an ague and confined therewith to his bed, saw an apparition, in the figure of a woman,

man, in white, a neighbour and acquaintance long since deceased, who told him, that if he rose out of his bed, he would immediately die.—Regardless of the admonition, and nobody being near him just then, he was fain to rise to let water, and was immediately seized, with a shivering fit, and died of the ague aged eighty-four.

In the reign of Charles II. there lived in the moorlands in Staffordshire, a poor old man who had been a long time lame. One Sunday in the afternoon, he being alone, one knocked at his door; he bade him open it and come in. The stranger desired a cup of beer; the lame man not being able to draw it, desired him to take a pot and help himself; and he did as bid. The stranger then asked the poor old man how long he had been ill? The poor man answered so many years; then said the stranger, I can cure you: take two or three leaves of balm and steep them in your beer for a fortnight or three weeks, and you will be restored to your health; but constantly and zealously serve God. The poor man did so, and became perfectly well.

This strange visitor was in a purple shag gown, such as was not seen or known in those parts; and nobody in the street after even song,
saw

saw any one in such a coloured habit. Doctor Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was then in the moorlands, and certified the truth of this to Elias Ashmole, Esq. who has made a memorandum of this affair in his Memoirs, which are still in the Museum at Oxford.

To the above Instances may be added, the following Circumstance which the Editor of this Volume delivers from the Authority of a Family MS. containing sundry memorable occurrences.

About the latter end of the year 1725, Mr. T. Newton, woollen-draper, then of Drury-lane, but since of Long-acre, being confined to his room by a tedious consumption, nervous complaint, and dyffury, or incontinence of urine : one morning as he was flumbering in his bed, after a restless night, he was awaked by a noise similar in his comparison to the shaking of a large sheet of thin brass ; opening his eyes and looking around, he perceived an appearance, cloathed like in a white surplice, and exactly resembling a singing boy in a cathedral, holding a scroll or label in his right hand, whereon he could plainly read the following words.—
 “ Believe and practise the precepts of truth ;
 “ the

“ the loadstone shall be your cure, with as-
 “ sistance of the cold bath; for with that and
 “ the magnet, you shall relieve numbers in
 “ distress; therefore be of good cheer, and
 “ raise up your spirits, for there is one yet
 “ unknown, who, in the time of trouble will
 “ never fail you.”

Though this comfortable news was delivered to him in so very a surprising manner, yet it was very welcome to a person languishing under a complication of misfortunes: notwithstanding he had a great struggle with his natural reason, before he could convince himself of what he was yet confident his own eyes had seen, or, at least had been represented to him after so extraordinary a course; for betwixt really seeing a vision, or verily believing we do see one, there is but a slender difference: however, the entire confidence he had placed in Providence, and the great desire he had to be relieved, was convincing arguments to him, beyond all objections, that God had permitted a spiritual appearance to communicate to his eyes the words of which the above are a literal copy, taken from the copy, he immediately, when the occurrence happened, entered in his pocket-book.

He followed the advice, and for a long while used the cold bath near Sir John Oldcastle's, and was restored to his wonted strength and good health.

The manner he used the loadstone was with a preparation of steel and powdered amber, which in a month's time, brought him so well
 round

round that he could regularly attend his usual business.

The loadstone has been since found very serviceable in suppressing vapours, and removing hysteric fits in women, and epilepsies and convulsions in children, as well as grown folks.

The American Doctor Yeldall of Moorfields has performed several notable cures by the power of magnetism and the loadstone, but applied somewhat in a different manner.

Nothing is more easy than to appear sceptical; it is fashionable now to doubt, therefore it is no wonder the notion of Apparitions, has been questioned by many who yet felt within themselves the internal conviction of fear, which the bare mention of Spirits has caused in them, who could not confute the opinion they wished to destroy. That there exists an unaccountable communication of Spirits between ourselves in this state, is evident from the effects of the memory in many instances, and why may not the force of imagination realize an object to the sight which has no corporeal existence?

A few years ago a gentleman of character and serious carriage and his wife, who lived near St. James's,

James's, and had lived for many years together in great harmony and love, and who were never so happy as in each others company, both at home and abroad; always walking arm in arm whenever they went out any where, and seemed as one soul and one body, they were so closely united in love to each other: but as the most near and dearest friends must part in this world, when God calls us hence, so it happened; the gentleman was taken sick and died; which so affected his dear-left companion, that she sickened also, and kept her bed, and had a servant, or some other always to attend her.

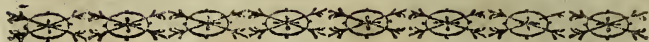
In about ten days after her husband's death, as she was sitting upright in bed, a friend and near relation was then sitting by her; she looked stedfastly toward the foot of the bed, and said, with a cheerful voice, "My dear, I will be with you in two hours." The gentlewoman, her friend, that was with her (and who firmly attested the same as most true), said to her, "Child, who did you speak to?" (for she saw nobody) she answered, "It is my husband, who came to call me hence, and I am going to him:" which surprised her friend very much, who, thinking she was a little light-headed, called in somebody else, to whom she spake very cheerfully, and told the same story; but before the two hours were expired, she went off to her dear companion, to be happy together forever; to the great surprise of all present.

This

This person could not be said to see a corporeal being, as her friend saw nothing. The communication was entirely mental. Were not our eyes withheld by this dross of earth, clouded as it were, and seeing only the grosser part of matter, we should see numbers of unembodied spirits, as Milton writes, traversing this globe of earth all around us.—But when we shall be purged from this clod of flesh and sin, the soul will rejoice to behold such heavenly messengers.

The soul receives not its perfections or activity from the body, but can live and act out of the body as well as in the body, yea, and much better, having then its perfect liberty, divested of that heavy incumbrance which only clogged and fettered it. “Doubtless, saith
“Tertullian, when the soul is separated from
“the body it comes out of darkness into its
“own pure and perfect light, and quickly
“finds itself a substantial being, able to act
“freely in that light, and participate of heavenly joys.” A testimony of this sort I have just received of a gentleman, one Mr. Jos. Reyner, lately deceased, who, in his last moments, though on a bed of sickness and pain, was in such raptures of joy, that he said he felt no pain at all, but declared that he was then in heaven, meaning his soul; and that he heard distinctly music, as of angels singing most melodiously, and would join with them, as he did in the words of a hymn, with “Hallelujah,” &c. and his soul soon departed in that most triumphant manner. This account was
related

related by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, who preached his funeral sermon, 1762. Likewise several other such instances of the soul or spirits of the godly, who have exceedingly rejoiced just before their leaving of the body, are mentioned by Mr. Flavel, Mr. Baxter, and others.



C H A P. IV.

Omens attending the Blandy Family.—Warnings to a young Man attending Mr. Wesley upon his Death. — Dream of Captain Porteus's Mother relating to his unhappy Fate. — Dream which saved an English Gentleman from being murdered in French Flanders.

Ominous Presages attending the latter End of the unfortunate Mr. Blandy.

SEVERAL awful presages alarmed the family of the unfortunate Mr. Blandy of Henley in Oxfordshire, previous to his calamity. A few days before the death of his wife, a grand chorus of music was heard by the daughter and several of the servants at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden behind the apartment where Mrs. Blandy lay.—

This

This was succeeded by three distinct knocks on the window of Miss Blandy's chamber adjoining to that of her mother. Meanwhile the old lady, though insensible of those sounds, was most horribly affrighted by a dream, in which she saw her husband drinking a cup administered by her daughter; presently he swelled to a monster, and instantly expired.—When she awoke in the morning, she told the dream to the woman who waited upon her, and died the same day.—This happened about two years before the memorable murder of Mr. Blandy, of the approach of which he himself had several ominous presages.

The story of that dreadful parricide, is briefly as follows:

Mr. Blandy was an eminent attorney, and by his practice had accumulated several thousand pounds: he had an only child, his daughter Miss Mary, whom by a kind of pious fraud he gave out to be worth thirty thousand pounds. Captain William Cranston, brother of Lord Cranston of Scotland, a little before the death of Mr. Blandy's spouse, was upon a recruiting party in Oxfordshire, and hearing of the fame of the lady's fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family. He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother; and the daughter soon discovered a very sensible feeling for the soldier. But there was an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of their mutual happiness. The Captain had been privately married in Scotland. This however he hoped to get over by a decree in the supreme court of session. That expectation
proving

proving but ill founded, Mr. Blandy by no means could assent to the union of his child with a man, however honourable by birth, who was capable of acting contrary to religion and humanity.

The mother departed this life suddenly.—The father remained inexorable, and like the great gulph could not be passed over. This set the Captain's sanguine soul to work.—The affection of Miss Blandy for a profligate, almost double her age, was violent. He imposed upon her credulity; sent her from Scotland a pretended love-powder, which he enjoined her to administer to her father, in order to gain his affection, and procure his consent. This injunction she declined, on account of a frightful dream, in which she fancied her father falling from a precipice into the ocean. The Captain wrote a second time; told her his design in words rather enigmatical, but easily understood. This had an amazing effect on the mind of Miss, and so full was her mind with the project of removing her father, that she was heard to exclaim, before several of the servants, "Who would not send an old fellow
" to hell for thirty thousand pounds."

The die was cast:—the powder was mixed in the tea:—the father drank, and soon after swelled enormously.—"What have you given
" me Mary?" cried the unhappy dying man, you have murdered me; of this I was warned—but alas, I thought it was a false alarm!—O fly—take care of the Captain!—So he died a most melancholy spectacle.

Miss

Miss Blandy was taken as attempting to run away, conducted to Oxford castle, lay there till the assize, was found guilty, and executed. Captain Cranston went abroad, and died in a miserable state of mind.

Ominous Presage to Robert Bruce of Scotland.

Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, in the reign of Edward the Second of England, being out one day to reconnoitre the enemy, lay that night in a barn belonging to a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on the strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, and immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third attempt without success; and in short the monarch, not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, beheld the reptile no less than twelve times baffled in its aim: but the thirteenth trial carried its success. The spider gained the summit of the vases; when the king, starting from his couch, thus exclaimed in soliloquy: “Behold, this despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have not I been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs

N

“ the

“ the independency of my kingdom.” In a few days was fought the memorable battle of Bannockbourn, in which Bruce proved victorious, slew thirty thousands of the invading enemy, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

*Warning of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley's Death, to
a young Man of his Congregation.*

About a month before the Rev. Mr. Wesley died, a young man in Yorkshire, belonging to the society, dreamed that he saw that aged divine departing this life, and heard him, with the utmost attention, delivering his last sermon to a large congregation. This dream the young man, being in London soon after, communicated to Mr. Wesley, who appeared not a little affected by the relation.

On the morning of that reverend gentleman's departure, the writer of this article (and he avers it as a fact) beheld him in a dream, exactly habited as usually in the pulpit; but thought no more of it till the next day, when his death was announced in the newspapers.

While Edward, Duke of York, father of King Edward the Fourth, was declaring his title in the chamber of the peers, there happened there the following strange accident:
A crown,

A crown, which hung in the middle of the room to ornament a branch to set the lights upon, suddenly fell to the floor, without touch or breath of wind ; and just at the same juncture fell the crown, which stood on the top of Dover Castle. This was a sign and prognostication, that the crown of the kingdom should be changed from one line to another. Hall's Chron. H. 6. fol. 181.

In the study of an eminent divine of the church of Scotland was recently found in MS. the relation of a very remarkable dream, which, with the no less striking fulfilment of it, we present to our readers as positively authentic.

A lady lately married saw one day at noon, in a vision, the child, then in embryo in her womb, rise to an elevated situation in the world, having the command of soldiers, dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, but soon after torn to pieces by the populace. After this she imagined much confusion arose in the country, till the name of her son was rendered odious and detestable to almost the whole nation. When she awoke, she related what she had dreamed to her husband, who administered to her all the consolation in his power, assuring her that dreams always turn out quite the reverse of what they discovered.

The child, agreeable to the prediction, proving a son, much care was taken in his education,

tion, at one of the public schools of Edinburgh. When he grew up he discovered a strong inclination for travelling. He went abroad without the consent of his parents, remained many years in the King's service abroad, and after obtaining his discharge, resided for some years in London; all the while totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed never taking the least notice of his parents, who now lived in a recluse situation about ten miles west from Edinburgh; to which city the hero of the story returning about the year 1735, was, by the interest of a gentleman, appointed to the command of the city guard; and before we proceed farther, it may be proper in this place to apprise the reader, that this Captain was no less a personage than the notified Porteus.

One day, as the Captain was mustering his men in a field adjacent to the city, he cast his eye upon a man of Muffelburgh, who was reputed to possess the second sight. The Captain called the augur aside, and required him to foretel his destiny. The poor soothsayer, with much reluctance, informed the curious enquirer, that his time would be but short; that he would be a *midnight market-man*. This threw the officer into a violent rage; and had not the sage softened the sentence, by an explanation which gave a different turn to it, he certainly would, from a military man so tyrannical as the Captain was known to be, have suffered a severe flagellation.

Soon after this, two men, very notorious smugglers, were condemned to die at Edinburgh,

burgh, for breaking into the King's storehouse at Leith, and carrying away those goods which had been taken from them by the officers of the revenue. These men, on the Sunday preceding the day of execution, were conducted to one of the churches, as was then usual, under a guard. During the sermon, notwithstanding the vigilance of Captain Porteus, one of the prisoners found means to make his escape, and get clear off. The other was executed on the Wednesday following in the Grass-market, much contrary to the desire of the populace. As soon as the man was turned off, the boys began to pelt the executioner; and the impetuous Captain, who then attended with a strong party, commanded the men to level their pieces, and follow his example. He himself fired upon a young gentleman of a good family from the Highlands, and killed him upon the spot; and the men instantly discharging their musquets, killed several of the citizens, as beholding from their windows the dreadful spectacle.

The Captain was seized by order of the Lord Provost, conducted to the Tolbooth, tried by the Lords of Justiciary, and being found guilty on the clearest evidence, received sentence of death.

It was now his mother, who alone was living, heard of the awful situation of a man whom she knew to be her son, by a letter which she received from him during his troubles. The lady readily recollected her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmost distress, and

would certainly have been quite distracted, had she not been informed, from a quarter where much confidence might be placed, that great interest was making at London in favour of the Captain.

In a few days a respite arrived from the Queen, (for George II. was then at Hanover) with an order to secure the Captain in the castle. This quite altered the face of affairs with both the Captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction of the dream, and the soothsayer. That evening they made merry with several friends in the prison, till the Captain was cast into a state of inebriation, and consequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which awaited him.

In this the Captain was not unlike the Eastern monarch, who, amidst his banquet, beheld the hand-writing on the wall. He was instantly alarmed by a report, that the city was up in arms, and intent on his destruction. The noise of sledge-hammers on the iron doors soon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical. In short, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the Captain, led him in triumph along the High-street, procured a rope, reached the usual place of execution, and after suffering him to say a short prayer, hung him upon a projecting pole, a dreadful spectacle to an assembled city.

The confusion in the established national church, occasioned by the Queen's proclamation being read by some, and burnt by others, is too well known to be recorded in this place ;
but

but proved an almost literal accomplishment of the visionary prediction of the mother, who did not long survive the calamity of her son.

Remarkable Conversion of a Reverend Divine of the present Day.

There is a certain Rector now living in the city of London, who, having written a sketch of his own life in a series of letters to another clergyman, declares, that his conversion was effected by a most remarkable dream.

This now reverend gentleman went early in life to sea, suffered many hardships, arising chiefly from his own imprudence, was punished for leaving his ship, and afterwards, for many years, remained in a state of slavery on the coast of Africa.

Recovering from that abject situation, by the good providence of the Almighty, he returned to England. On his way thither, one evening he dreamed that he saw the mouth of hell open to receive him, heard the horrible howlings of the unhappy inmates in the infernal pit, and every moment expected to meet that destruction which awaited him. In the midst of this dreadful confusion, he beheld a venerable old man, comely in his countenance, and majestic in his deportment, who spake to him in language the most alarming, warning him *to flee from the wrath which is to come*, and

seek an asylum under the shadow of his wings who is Almighty to save. He awoke from this terrible vision, and resolved to be obedient to the call. A sense of this so operated upon his mind, that it never left him, till he saw himself safe on the salvation side of the river which makes glad the city of God. On his return to England, he found friends to help him on in the world; and though for a series of years, in consequence of such help, he carried on business to the coast of Africa in the slave trade, yet he at length was prevailed upon to abandon that business, study the Scriptures in their original, and become a minister of the Gospel. He is now a well known popular preacher, and esteemed a sincere Christian.

The nature of the human soul is such, and manner of its connexion with the body is so unknown to us, that, as St. Paul observes, it is impossible to determine whether such things happen in the body, or out of the body; however, it seems most likely that the soul alone is concerned, and leaves the body at that time; for the most learned men, and the greatest enquirers into the nature of the soul, have all agreed, that being so active a principle, it cannot possibly remain in a state of inactivity; and that the body is little other than a clog or prison, which confines its operations, and consequently, whenever it gets free from that, it makes excursions, soars to heights, and feels perceptions which it never could attain to whilst in the body. That it has been often
observed,

observed, more particularly in good men, that when the body is just upon the point of dissolution, the soul seems to gain new vigour, and feels more noble powers than it ever was sensible of while the body was in full health.

Something of the same nature we experience almost every night, in what we call our dreams; for how many various affairs do we transact in them, how many sensations do we feel, how great spaces do we pass over from one place to another, how particular are we in every circumstance, and yet all this passes perhaps in the space of half an hour, which, if really performed in the body, would take up many days.

This has given occasion to some to think, that the soul really makes excursions from the body, whilst asleep, and transacts matters of which the body has no sensation.

Many have been warned of their own deaths, and yet have not had power to escape it; for either their presumption of security has pushed them on to facilitate the malice of their enemies, or else their caution and circumspection has contributed to hasten it, by the methods designed to prevent it.

Alexander the Great was entreated by the Chaldean wise men not to enter into Babylon, as a place that would be fatal to him. When he was in India he was warned by an Augur in his train, that he should be poisoned at Babylon. He himself dreamed he saw Cassander represented to him as his murderer; but he said no credit was to be given to dreams, and

so gave Cassander the opportunity to administer that poison which had been already prepared for him in Babylon.

A Dream which saved the Life of an English Gentleman in Flanders.

A merchant of London, being on the Continent upon business, chanced to meet an old school-fellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening in a manner the most agreeable and convivial. This was in French Flanders; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic. That, as is but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides; and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest appeared to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantry

santry and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning at a convent, over which he presided.

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where soon falling asleep, he fell into a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousands of hissing serpents, one of which twisting its train round his neck, darted its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in the greatest agitation. His mind the remainder of the night was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain, the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out to a field to receive the cheering gales wafting the odours from the vines and the fragrant flowers.

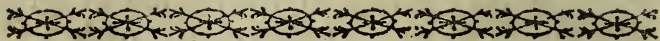
Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business, told his dream, and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means have you to go to the priest; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he

will by no means take it well to be overcome in his own convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school-fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me. My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These words so much struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, about half an hour after the time appointed, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

At nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a stair-case, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding doors, which, on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian-looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without farther ceremony.

At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprizing the priest, he went to know the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone; who imagining that some unhappy sufferers
below

below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surpris'd, to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn, the captain declaring, that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the place.



C H A P. III.

Remarkable Murders discovered by spiritual Agency in Dreams.—Strange Occurrences between two Brothers.—Another Relation of two Libertines.—Remarkable Vision of Hell.

The wonderful Discovery of the Robbers and Murderers of Mr. Stockden, Victualler, in Grub-Street, near Cripplegate, by a visionary Appearance of Mr. Stockden to one Mrs. Greenwood, in a Dream.

ON the 3d day of December, 1695, about midnight, Mr. Stockden was murdered and robbed by four men then unknown; one Maynard was suspected, but he got off. Soon after, Mr. Stockden appeared to Mrs. Greenwood in a dream, and shewed her a house in Thames-street, near the George, and said that
one

one of the murderers was there. She was somewhat intimidated at the thing, yet she went the next morning, and took with her one Mary Bugges, a discreet woman, to go with her to the house the vision had directed her to, and asked for Maynard, but was told he was gone abroad. Mr. Stockden appeared to her again, and then presented Maynard's face before her, with a flat mole on the side of his nose (whom she had never seen;) and more particular informed her, that a wire-drawer should take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon enquiry they found out one of that trade, who was his great intimate, and who, for a reward of ten pounds, promised to take him; which he both undertook and effected; which was as follows: He sent for Maynard to a public house, near Hockley in the Hole; where he played at cards with him till a constable was got, who apprehended him, carried him before a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and he was carried thither in a coach.

Maynard being in prison, confessed the fact, and impeached his accomplices, who were Marsh, Bevel, and Mercer, and said, that Marsh was the setter on, knowing that Mr. Stockden had plenty of money and plate, but was not present at the murder, &c. yet he had his share of the booty; but Marsh had a suspicion that Maynard had made some discovery, left his habitation; but soon after this, Mr. Stockden appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and shewed her a house in Old-street (where she had not been before) and said, that Marsh lodged there.

Next

Next morning she took Mary Bugges with her, as before, went to the house, and enquired for Marsh, but he was not there. But he was soon after taken at another place and secured.

Soon after this, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed again that Mr. Stockden carried her into the Borough prison-yard, and shewed her Bevel, the third criminal, (whom she had never seen before.) Thither she went, taking with her Mrs. Footman, who was Mr. Stockden's kinswoman and house-keeper : they went together to the Marshalsea, and enquired for Bevel, being informed that he was lately brought thither for coining, &c. They desired to see him ; and when he came down, both declared that he was the man. They then applied to a peace officer, who procured his removal to Newgate, where he presently confessed the horrid murder : and thus the three principal criminals were tried, condemned, and hanged. This account is testified by the Bishop of York, &c. and also by the curate of Cripplegate, who published the account.

Warning of a Murder by a Dream.

A young gentleman in the city of Dublin, in Ireland, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance) had been murdered : and waking,

ing, it gave him some uneasiness ; but finding it was only a dream, he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. Then he got up, put on his night-gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his dream with great agitation of mind. She smiled at him, and said, she wondered that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream, and bid him go to bed again. He did so ; fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then got up and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her most cruel husband, a rank papist : it seems they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds ; and the base villain was quickly apprehended, tried, and hanged for the same.

Now if this gentleman had not been so slow to believe the Divine warning, and had hastened to his sister's relief at the first dream, in all probability he had prevented the cruel murder, and saved two lives.

Another Murder discovered by a Dream.

In the second year of the reign of King James I. one Anne Waters carrying on certain intrigues with a young man in the neighbourhood,

hood, and finding their appointments were interrupted by her husband, they agreed to strangle him with a wet napkin, so that the mark might not be perceived; which being done, they buried him under a dunghill near an adjoining cow-house. The man being missed by his neighbours, and the woman artificially dissembling grief, carried it off so well, that none suspected her in the least of being accessory to death, or of so much as knowing what was become of him, but assisted her enquiries after him. After a while, conjectures being almost over, one of the inhabitants of the village dreamed, that his neighbour Waters was strangled, and buried under a dunghill near the cow-house; and relating his dream to others, it was resolved the place should be searched with a constable; which being done, Waters's corps was found; and some concurring suspicions appearing, the wife was apprehended, and confessing the truth, she was burnt, according to the law in that case provided*.

* Baker's Chronicle, p. 614.

The strange Separation and extraordinary Adventures of two Brothers, with a true Account of an Apparition ; in a Letter, addressed to Mr. Glanvill when he was writing on Spirits.

S I R,

AS all such narratives as contain incidents wonderful and surprizing, and in which the superintendence of Divine Providence is displayed in an extraordinary manner, accompanied with circumstances of a marvellous nature, and calculated to strike the reader with surprize, coincide with the plan of your work, and are sure of a favourable reception from you, I doubt not but the following history, the truth of which I can vouch for, will prove acceptable to your readers.

Mr. R—— N——, and Mr. J—— N——, two brothers, whose education had been equally liberal, as they had both been bred at the university of Oxford, imbibed in that excellent seminary, principles diametrically opposite.

The former was for venturing every thing, and running all hazards, in order to push his fortune; whilst the maxim of the latter, was to regulate his conduct by the strictest prudence and œconomy, and leave nothing to chance.

When their studies were finished, they both returned to their father's at Bristol. He was an eminent merchant of that city, and for
some

some time after their return, their minds were entirely taken up with deliberating what profession they should attach themselves to, and what plan of life they should pursue for the remainder of their days.

In the midst of these golden dreams, the father by a sudden and unexpected turn of fortune broke, and took so to heart the loss of his wealth, that he died in a few days, and left his two sons in a state of absolute indigence.

They then found themselves reduced to deliberate not what measure they should pursue, in order to make a fortune, but how to shift, in order to procure a subsistence. The temper of the former was sanguine, therefore he was resolved to go to London, though quite unknown in that city, and throw himself upon Providence; this the latter remonstrated against, urging, that it was an act of desperation, and little better than downright suicide, to leave a place where he was well known, and had friends, to go to another where he had not a single acquaintance, and where he could expect nothing but to die of hunger, as soon as the trifling stock of money he had about him should be spent.

All these remonstrances had no effect, Mr. R——, the eldest brother, declared, that he was resolved, rather to venture death than to stay at Bristol, where he had formerly lived in affluence, and be an object of scorn or pity to those by whom he had once been beheld with envy.

The

The two brothers accordingly took leave of each other, the former bent upon buffetting fortune, and the other resolved to avail himself, to the best of his power, of the few resources which remained to him in the place of his nativity.

He accordingly went to live with a merchant, an acquaintance of his father's, by whom he was employed as clerk, whilst Mr. R—— N—— went to London, a step which he considered as going to death, as he did not know which way to turn himself in that metropolis. The trifle of money he had brought with him being quickly spent, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, and felt the pressure of extreme want to such a degree, that having been four days without food, he one evening wandered about St. James's Park in despair, and as soon as it was dark, sat down upon one of the benches, and taking a knife out of his pocket, was upon the point of piercing his breast, when looking up on a sudden, he saw a figure of such beauty, that he could not doubt but it was a vision from heaven. It appeared to him to be a beautiful youth, of a form resembling those with which angels are represented by painters; the eyes shone with a starry brightness, and a lambient flame or glory played about the hair.

As Mr. R—— N——, who had formed the desperate resolution of destroying himself, lifted up his awe-struck eyes to this angelic appearance, which seemed to stoop forwards, and spread out its arms to embrace him, his organs of hearing were impressed in such a manner,

manner, that he heard these words distinctly pronounced, "Hold, rash mortal!"—He immediately desisted from his impious attempt, and the phantom advancing forward, and beckoning to him, he rose up and followed it—on a sudden it vanished, and he walked on, his heart exulting with a joy, which he could not account for, till at last he met a Soldier, who pressed him to enter a public house, which was the rendezvous of a recruiting party.

The obstreperous mirth of these desperadoes, who venture their lives for a livelihood, but little suited with the serious turn of Mr. R—— N——, but as then he was quite destitute, he readily accepted of their proposal of listing; and the regiment to which he belonged being soon after commanded abroad, he behaved so well at the siege of Quebec, and upon other occasions, that he rose from a private soldier to a lieutenant; and upon his return to England, found himself reduced to half-pay, which proved quite insufficient to support him in that extravagance and round of pleasures which gentlemen of the army think they have a right to indulge in.

What led him into the greatest expences was, his attachment to a fine woman, whose temper was so extravagant, that the fortune of a lord much less than that of a lieutenant, upon half pay, would have proved insufficient to gratify her eternal craving.

With her he went to all the places of public diversion, the Play-houses, the Opera, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, &c. &c. &c.

She

She had likewise as great a passion for finery; and no clothes would satisfy her, but such as might be worn by a duchess. She was indeed a very lovely woman, and the charms of her person were greatly heightened and set off by the politeness of her behaviour, and pleasing manner in which she expressed herself in conversation.

But all these attractives served only to render her more dangerous; and she would have been the ruin of the unhappy Mr. R—— N——, as she had been of several other unthinking young men, if his good, which constantly struggled with his evil genius, had not preserved him from perdition, upon this as well as a former occasion.

As he had a something in his countenance which excited, in all those who saw him, an opinion of his probity; and as he always dressed like a gentleman of fortune, he found means to procure credit for considerable sums; and thus, for a time, gratified his Thais, whose caresses were always proportioned to the expence to which her lover put himself.

At length, however, the clamours of his creditors became so importunate, that he was in a perplexity inconceivable, and the thought of having imposed upon persons, who had so generously obliged him, drove him almost into a phrenzy: he did not, however, form the same desperate resolution he had done before, namely, that of laying violent hands upon himself; but his evil genius, in the shape of the enticing harlot above, suggested to him, a
course

course almost equally desperate, namely, that of going upon the highway.

He accordingly provided himself with pistols, and one evening rode to Blackheath, where, at the sight of every coach, and of every man that passed on horseback, he was seized with terrors not to be expressed, and his conscious guilt made him suffer more, though he never attempted to rob a single passenger, than a hardened highwayman suffers in prison between the time of his receiving sentence, and his execution.

He rode to and fro in the utmost perturbation of mind; his terrors still increasing as the night approached, till at last he beheld the same angelic appearance that he had seen before, which seemed to point to the road to London. Even in the darkness of the night the whole figure appeared very manifestly by the irradiation of glory, which incircled its head, and he could hear distinctly these words, "Mortal brave not death." I leave it to philosophers to determine, whether it was a real personage, or of a nature above human, that appeared to him upon this occasion; or whether it was the force of an heated imagination, which traced this figure to his eyes, and caused the figure above-mentioned to resound in his ears. Be that as it will, we may justly look upon this appearance as a vision from heaven, as it had the effect of turning a sinner to grace: for no sooner had Mr. R—— N—— beheld it, but that all his agitation and disorder subsided, and he, with the utmost composure of mind, returned to London, having taken the precaution

precaution of throwing away his pistols, the instruments of destruction, with which his evil genius had armed him, lest they might give rise to any suspicion of the purpose which he had in leaving town.

Upon his return to his lodgings, he broke with the pernicious woman, who had given him the horrid advice above-mentioned, as his love for her was entirely converted into hatred, when he considered, that her vile suggestions might have brought him to a shameful end.

However, the grand source of his inquietudes still remained. He was apprehensive every moment of being arrested, and thrown into jail by his creditors. Had he sold his half-pay, it would have been by no means sufficient to satisfy them all, for he could not expect above two hundred pounds for it, and five hundred would have been hardly sufficient to gratify his creditors.

He therefore formed a resolution to go over to Ireland, thinking he could there be more secure from his creditors, than by going to lodge at any privileged place.

Whilst his mind was taken up with these thoughts he was arrested, and there being several actions against him at the same time, he was obliged to get himself removed to the Fleet by Habeas Corpus. A man of Mr. R—— N——'s temper could but ill brook confinement.

The days hung so heavily on his hands, and passed so tediously away, that he was obliged to have recourse to hard drinking, to dispel the gloom by which his mind was overcast. But he soon found, as many others in his circumstances

O

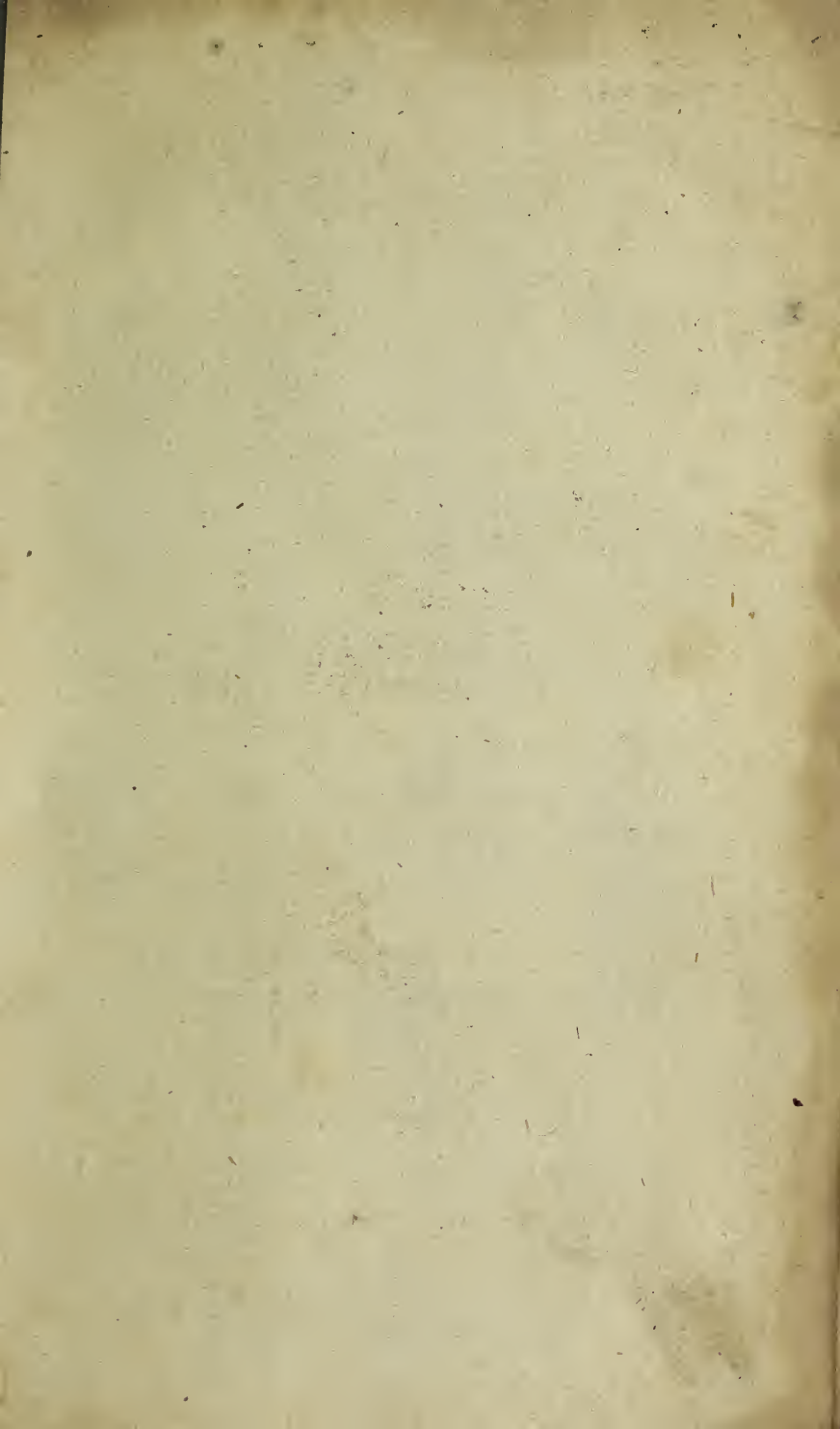
stances have done, that this remedy, by frequent use, increases that anxiety of mind it was intended to cure.

Whilst Mr. R—— N—— led this life of care and inquietude, he one night had a dream, which revived his drooping spirits, and animated his soul with hope.

He dreamed that the same angel, which had twice appeared to him before, came in the night, and opened the gates of his prison, by a supernatural power; and the ideas which passed in his imagination, took so strong a possession of his soul, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not for some time be persuaded that he was still in prison. The delusion soon vanished, but he still retained his alacrity of mind. This seemingly groundless joy was soon followed by a real one.

About noon he heard himself enquired for, and immediately knew the voice to be that of his brother. He rushed into his arms, and embraced him with the utmost transport. When their first emotions of joy were somewhat subsided, Mr. J—— N—— gave his brother to understand, that he had made a fortune by the East-India trade; and enquiring into the state of his affairs, and the sum for which he was in confinement, paid the debt, and had him set at liberty that very evening.

They both went together to the lodgings of Mr. J—— N——, in Great Broad-street, where he related to his brother his adventures, and the several voyages he had made since their separation.



SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HALLUCINATION.

Of mistakes of this kind many extraordinary stories are on record, but few probably more remarkable than an instance which has just occurred in this city. At the Rnyal George public house, quay-gate, of which the worthy and greatly esteemed landlord is Mr Wm. Pike, nr, as in a friendly spirit, we all prefer to call him, 'Captain Pike,'—there is sojourning a Captain Lang, of the merchant service, a respectable and steady man, and, as the station to which he was attained proves, a good seaman. On Saturday night at about a quarter to eleven o'clock, being on the stroll, he dropped in at Heley Smith's Union public house, Waterbeer-street, and was shewn into a small parlour, the window of which commands a courtlage of moderate dimension. He was served, as he requested, with a glass of gin and peppermint; but, as he declares, observing something that appeared rather extraordinary going on without, he went out into the court, and there, as he still positively avers, saw four men with a full-size coffin:—saw them take up the boards that cover a well there, and then let the coffin down into the well!! He did not speak to them, but though a brave man, he describes himself as being much hurried, and leaving the house, he returned to his lodgings and told Capt. Pike the story of the extraordinary circumstance he had witnessed. Capt. Pike in amazement eyed his informant, who appeared sober and rather flurried, and frankly told him he did not believe him. Capt. Lang, however, persisted in the correctness of what he had stated, and retired to bed. On Sunday morning he told the same story, not varying an iota in the relation of the attendant circumstances, and so continually repeated this in the course of the day that disbelief gave place to conviction in the minds of those who heard him, and it was deemed necessary that some steps should be taken upon it. Accordingly on Sunday evening a formal communication was made to persons in authority, and a strong body of police were directed to assemble at the station house; from which, about nine o'clock, led on by Capt. Back, there marched a force made up of Woolcott, Ellicombe, Ginham, Lascelles, &c. &c. &c. &c., who, silent as the grave itself, under their gallant commander, filed through Parliament-street, moving in the direction of Mr Wm. Heley Smith's house; and gaining it, he was informed of their business, and the object for which they were about to make search. Mr Heley Smith was perfectly indignant at the insinuation that he had anything to do with resurrection work, declaring the duties performed in his house were of a totally different character,—that there the dealings were with the living and not with the dead. His visitors, however, came under authority and proceeded to the search, being piloted to the spot by Captain Lang. When arrived at the well, the appearance of the boarding by which the mouth of it is covered, was a perfect poser, not appearing to have been removed for years. However they had a duty to perform,—the Captain persisted that was the spot,—and under the joint exertions of such a force, the wood-work was raised in a twinkling, and all gazed in wonder and in silence on the vacuum beneath. To descend into this, even after a coffin, was testing the ardour and devotedness of a policeman a little too severely,—besides they were arrayed in their Sunday, or, in other words, their best uniforms; and so a council was held; the result of which was that under the exigencies of the occasion they deemed it prudent to send for Mr John Rouse. Our friend John was not at home, but his son presently came, and being tried by a line it was found there was 18 feet of water in the well, which has been disused so long that the water drawn up had anything rather than an odoriferous quality. In fact, the boarding covering the well was laid down about six years since, and till now had not been moved. The improbabilities were then mentioned, but the police were not satisfied, and the search was pursued. To the end of a long line was fastened a heavy hammer, and the turbid water was disturbed by this being let down. This was rattled about and a vapour emitted such as might have formed a very reasonable excuse for men being driven from their post, but not so the 'duty men' who were here, who endured the stench bravely. At length, however, the hammer struck against 'something,' and 'this must be the coffin, to be sure.' All were now on the *qui vivos*, and the Captain's story about to receive confirmation. A grapple was got, but instead of a coffin up came an old and ponderous lintel, that probably for years had lain undisturbed at the bottom of the well!!! Those on duty, of course, laughed not,—this would have been indecorous, but others who did not conceive themselves under an equal obligation, roared outright. Captain Lang looked all astonishment; but still adhered to his statement, nor does anything appear capable of removing the strong impression of the perfect correctness of what he declares he saw from his mind. That there has neither been resurrectioning or any thing still more serious in its character at Heley Smith's, however, all others are thoroughly convinced.

—Trewman's Flying Post.

4th Nov 1845

Wentley oc

